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JACOB SILVERMAN, a poor junkman of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, had a big St. Bernard dog. Jacob was a Russian, and according to the statutes of Pennsylvania no alien may own a dog, so the heavy hand of the law descended on the house of Jacob. Dick, the dog, was seized and condemned to death, and a fine of $25 was laid on the hapless junkman, and there was weeping and wailing among the Silverman children. A sympathetic neighbor, however, wrote to Mrs. Harding in the matter, and as result the kind-hearted President took the time from his duties to telegraph and to write a letter to Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania asking that a way be found to save Dick and restore him to the bereaved family. It was a gracious and humane act. E. F. Doree also lives in Pennsylvania, or did live there until he began to serve a ten-year term for the sole crime of belonging to the I. W. W. Doree and three other Philadelphia workers were included in the group conviction at Chicago though there was no word or act charged against them and they had worked efficiently at munition loading on the Philadelphia docks. Doree's little five-year-old son, who has long been ill, lies dying. The President still refuses Doree pardon. He is not a dog but a "Wobbly," and Attorney General Daugherty says that he won't let any such men out while the railroad strike is on.

Liberty is sweet to any man in prison, but not sweet enough to us to be purchased at the price of principle. We feel we owe it to the loyal men and women outside of these walls who still believe in freedom of speech, assemblage, and the press to remain steadfast and uphold these ideals even at the cost of continued incarceration. We cannot do otherwise than refuse to recant. We must continue to refuse to beg for a pardon which in common justice ought to have been accorded to us long ago. . . . Seven of our number have died, four have gone insane, two with virulent tuberculosis are slowly dying in the steel-barred T. B. ward. One boy is doing his third year in isolation—in The Hole. There is not one of us who will not bear the scars of the prison until he dies. . . . We rest our case, Mr. President, with the highest court of all, the great mass of thinking workers in America. We know that if they could know the truth about our case, they would not consent to our further imprisonment. To those who do know the truth, we say: "Go traveler, to Sparta, and say that we lie here on the spot at which we were stationed to defend our country."

THESE are extracts from an open letter to President Harding from the fifty-two political prisoners who steadfastly refuse to apply for individual pardon. The prisoners give a clear statement of the beliefs and opinions for which they as a group and not as individuals were sentenced. They call attention to the fact that they have seen German spies, American profiteers, and scores of the worst criminals released by expiration of sentence or by pardon, while they remain in jail. The whole letter is published by the Defense News Service, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois. Its scorn of sycophancy and its defiance of injustice are good tonic for tired radicals, discouraged liberals, and old-fashioned Americans.

IF, as now seems probable, the miners ratify the anthracite agreement and if the Government's bill for controlling coal prices by controlling priority of shipment works efficiently—which seems less probable—the northeastern portion of these United States may escape freezing next winter. The settlement, continuing the old wage scale until April, 1923, is a victory for the miners. The operators made a grand-stand play of yielding only to a mandate from the public delivered through the President and other officials. Their statement that only by lowering wages could they reduce prices is wholly unproved and looks like an attempt to prepare the public to endure profiteering without kicking over the traces. If lower wages in an already underpaid industry are the road under private ownership to reasonable prices the case against private ownership is complete. There has also been an attempt to prejudice the public by denouncing the refusal of the unions to submit to arbitration. That refusal, born of bitter experience, was justified by the refusal of the operators to submit information on costs and profits. Without knowledge on these points arbitrators can have no proper basis for a decision. It is a practical certainty that by their ignorance of mining and their instinctive class prejudices they would be inclined to favor the operators.

"WORKERS of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains" is all very well as a slogan. It may tell how the workers feel in mass meetings; it does not always tell how they act. During the British coal strike American miners cheerfully profited by the increased demand for coal despite British pleas. More recently British workers or some of them have been quite openly rejoicing in the chance to even things up and profit themselves by the

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strike-created American demand for British coal. A correspondent writing from England, concludes: "The attitude of the American miners toward the British strike surprised no one. Organized labor in America has no prestige. But for a long while the British Labor Party has been regarded by a great many people as the hope of labor all over the world. One begins to wonder why." Perhaps, but one also remembers how miserable is the lot of the British miners who suffer both from long-continued unemployment and low wages. Besides, sometimes men are willing to pay the price of their social and international principles. The Glasgow (Scotland) Corporation, under the influence of labor recently refused for the second time by a vote of fifteen to ten to accept the bid of the United States Steel Corporation for steel rails although it was $65,000 lower than the next lowest bid. The reason for its refusal was the "anti-Christian" conditions revealed in the Inter-Church World Movement's famous report. Have any of the churches who nominally adopted the report given like proof of their sincerity?

DR. WARBASSE'S plan for consumers' ownership of the coal mines, published elsewhere in this issue, is attractive to those who like *The Nation* fear what Mr. Laski calls the "omni-competent state." Conceivably consumers through their own organization could control the coal mines as they cannot through any pressure on a state engaged in a thousand other tasks where every political issue is confused. But we still think that the miners' plan, on which we have previously commented, is more likely to prove feasible. Consumers' control would be indefinitely postponed or embarrassed by three considerations: (1) It could not be effective without consumers' control of the railroads which are now under government regulation and sooner or later will be under some form of government ownership and, we hope, democratic control. (2) Consumers' cooperation has no well-developed plan for enlisting the self-governing desires of workers and experts. (3) It is a delicate plant in America; it has no such record of success as to warrant the expectation that in any reasonable time it could compete with such powerful groups as the owners of the mines, and the miners' union, or establish the popular confidence that would lead the people to trust it in preference to government ownership and democratic management.

HIRAM JOHNSON has been renominated in California and *The Nation* congratulates him. As Mr. George P. West wrote recently, no informed liberal who had to choose between the Senator and his opponent could hesitate to select the former. If his narrow and somewhat jingoistic nationalism, his alliance on the one hand with Hearst and on the other with the super-protectionist interests in California, his evasions on many fundamental issues, run counter to the aspirations of his liberal following, his instincts have in the main been forward-looking and democratic. Despite the qualifications which any impartial estimate of his progressivism inevitably evokes, he has been and is today a considerable actual and potential factor in American political progress. The extent to which his influence will be cast for essential democracy remains to be seen. His first seven years have been the hardest and *The Nation* hopes and believes that freed from the exigencies of political necessity he can make himself a more important force for good than he has yet been. Gratifying also is the defeat of Governor Stephens, who sought renomination chiefly on a platform of opposition to the red and the yellow perils. His failure, we hope, marks a turn of opinion among Californians against the State's barbarous treatment of radicals and its dangerous baiting of the Japanese.

SINCE the Federal Government is responsible under treaties for protecting the lives of aliens, the Federal Government ought to have power to protect them. That is the logic behind the President's recommendation, embodied in Senator Kellogg's bill giving the Government the right to prevent or punish injury to aliens by injunction or criminal proceedings in the Federal courts and authorizing the President to use the army "to maintain peace when disturbed" by crimes against aliens. Against this superficially plausible bill the American Federation of Labor is up in arms. It is, we are told, a strike-breaking bill. All that militant employers will need to do is to import a few alien strike-breakers, foment an attack or even talk of an attack on them, and the Federal Government will do the rest. Why, labor's spokesmen ask, did the President pass over the hundreds of outrages on Mexicans along the southern border and seize upon the death of two Mexicans in the Herrin labor war unless he was more concerned about the industrial conflict than about aliens? One wishes it were possible indignantly to dismiss labor's charges. They are doubtless exaggerated but they are not without weight in view of recent history. They amount to an affirmation that the government will not be neutral in labor disputes, but will intervene on the side of the employers. Is it possible that Samuel Gompers is about to resign from that select chorus of government officials, employers, and labor leaders which has so often delighted our ears with the glad anthem: There is no Class War in America?

IT is hard to interest the average person in a bill for reclassifying the employees of the Federal Government. Excepting possibly the Desert of Sahara and Kansas under the Eighteenth Amendment, it would be hard to find a drier topic; yet it is one of immense importance to the conduct of the national business and hence to the welfare and pocketbook of every American. Administrations come and go, but the civil service employee stays on. He does the work while high officials do the talking and get the credit—if there is any. The popular tradition of a government employee as one who does nothing for a large salary was never so untrue as today when successive advances in the cost of living have left him with nothing like a proportionate increase in his income. According to the National Federation of Federal Employees 50,000 persons in the Government service are receiving less than a living wage, there are ten or twelve rates of pay for the same work, and there is a 40 per cent labor turnover due to low pay and restricted opportunities for advancement. The Sterling-Lehlbach bill, which passed the House last winter but is hanging fire in the Senate, seeks by a reclassification of the Federal service to establish a basis promising greater justice to the employee and larger efficiency to the Government. The bill has the endorsement of the National Federation of Federal Employees, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, of the National Civil Service Reform League, of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and of other bodies. The chief obstacle in the Senate is a rival measure, the Smoot-Wood bill, which appears to be in no sense so scientific or so adequate. The Sterling-Lehlbach bill ought to become law.

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WITHIN the next few weeks the International Relations Section will publish a compilation of the latest figures from Russian sources on the Russian harvest and on famine conditions. We know without waiting for these, however, that the need for help still exists, that people are suffering, and that the future is dark with uncertainty. No matter how successful the harvest may be, the people of the famine regions, more particularly the children, must go through a long period of slow up-building before the effects of starvation can be overcome or lessened. The American Relief Administration has announced that it will continue its work in the Ukraine, and just the other day a cablegram from Samara, received by the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children, called for a steady flow of aid, saying "the need for feeding and clothing millions of underfed, sick, and homeless children is incontestable and compelling." The message was signed by Frank P. Walsh, Dr. John A. Ohsol, and Paxton Hibben. It makes any suggestion that the period of need is past seem almost murderous.

IT was quite inevitable that the McCormick-Pomerene whitewash of our Haitian policy and Mr. Harding's pledge-breaking would be interpreted by the Occupation as a license to go far. It has imprisoned the editor of the *Nouvelliste* for protesting against the pending $40,000,000 loan which is to rivet Haiti's shackles in perpetuity. Now the arrest of an editor in Haiti is no longer news, but it happens that this one is in a somewhat different category. Four years ago his father was given six months at hard labor and fined $300 for a news item announcing that Mr. Addison Ruan, the then financial advisor, would be recalled. The item was correct, but as La Fontaine once expressed it, *La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure,* and an appeal to Secretary Lansing brought the heartening response that "the sentence is in all ways a proper punishment for the offense committed." Then and there the son, Ernest G. Chauvet, who inherited the journalistic property, learned his lesson. In the words of General Russell, "Speech and the press are practically free." Chauvet had great respect for that word "practically." His journal, the least militant in Haiti, was commonly known as "the Occupation paper." But the crudity of our performance in Haiti has solidified even the most friendly and pacific elements, and the "small group of political agitators and malcontents," who in the imperialist cant are the only Haitians hostile to America's military conquest, is nearing 100 per cent.

W. H. HUDSON, just dead in England, had a sense equally for wild adventures at the ends of the earth and for the peace of the fields at home. Perhaps it was his feeling for each of these that gave him so much felicity with the other. He had longed on the pampas for English hedgerows and greensward; among the shepherds whom he questioned on the downs he remembered the gauchos of a wilder region. And yet it was not on the note of wonder that he spoke when he was at his best. He never struggled, he never tiptoed. He went his way without expectations, meeting now a quaint child, now a mild rustic, now a dog with some peculiar habit, now a bird with a cry he had not heard before or a flower of a fresh color, and setting down his observations with a lucidity which cannot be taught or imitated for the reason that it springs from the character of the observer. He was, with W. H. Davies, the most artless British writer of his time, and one of the least likely to seem soon archaic.

What Is at Stake in Germany

THE Reparation Commission has granted Germany a six months' respite; French troops will not march into the Ruhr basin. Instead there will be another conference at which M. Poincaré properly insists that the question of inter-Allied debts must be discussed as an inseparable part of the problem. He hopes for America's cooperation. That ought to be given, but only on conditions amounting to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. Such drastic action is not in sight. The Assembly of the League of Nations, now in session, might initiate it and thereby win new friends, but we doubt if it is strong enough to undertake the task. The one definite gain in the situation is the assurance that what the French militarists dare not do now in face of the opinion of mankind they will not do later. This is only a negative hope. It will take more than this, more than any series of compromises and easements, to avert a final catastrophe. The very prolongation of the uncertainty is a form of torture to the German people. Within the German Reich itself a conflict is speedily tightening into crisis which will overthrow all the houses of cards built by allied commissions. When it is too late a few men will realize that they who harried the Republican Government of Germany about money and goods were undermining the very structure of European civilization.

The symbol of that crisis was the murder of Walter Rathenau. He was not murdered by isolated assassins or irresponsible zealots. The men who shot him were the emmissaries of a certain "Organization C," a branch of that wide-spread movement of the "German Nationalists" who wear the emblem of the "hooked cross," who use the bogey of a communist uprising to institute a white terror within the republic, who are at the bottom of the Bavarian separatist movement, who, careless of the welfare of either their own countrymen or of Europe, have no aim but that of dragging civilization back into more than medieval darkness and blood.

We are not using these strong words lightly. So sane and sound a scholar as Ernst Troeltsch declared that, after Rathenau's assassination, he could see nothing for his country but "civil war and chaos"; the constitutional democrats who have no sentimental aversion to monarchy were aghast at so conscienceless a sabotaging of the republic and felt, despite all their fundamental instincts, inevitably driven to make common cause with the parties of the left.

The real character of the situation is beginning slowly to trickle into the news of the day. The correspondent of the New York *Times* reports, without apparently realizing its deadly seriousness, the address of Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich in which that prelate declares: "The revolution was perjury and high treason and will remain in history branded with the mark of Cain." The Cardinal feels sure, of course, that this godless revolution was fomented by the Jewish press. We take an even more telling example from the columns of the *Amsterdamsche Courant.* Concerning the festival performances given at Breslau in honor of the approaching sixtieth birthday of Gerhart Hauptmann, a weekly journal called *Die freie Meinung,* with the sub-title Political and Cultural Organ of the East, writes:

> While thousands of our countrymen are on the verge of starvation, these international parasites dare give festival performances in honor of a common inn-keeper's son, of this Gerhart

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Hauptmann, who bears his share of guilt in the revolution by having worked for our overthrow through his play "The Weavers." Death to the Jews and Socialists!

These monarchists, reactionaries, and Jew baiters are the men who find in French pressure on the Republican Government their opportunity.

The American citizen will say: "Well, it's unfortunate, but what business is it of mine?" What we desire to point out is how, on any fine morning, it may become the business of his soul and mind. Civil war in Germany would mean the immediate cessation of reparation promises or payments. The French would march eastward, the Poles westward. Trotzky has already declared that, in such an eventuality, Russia could "not remain passive." But since the German reactionaries, the instigators of a white terror, base their whole propaganda on the duty to avert Bolshevism and the rule of the Jews and of the intellectuals friendly to the Jews, it is clear where all that is noble and of good report in Germany will be forced to take its stand. Hauptmann and Thomas Mann, Richard Straus and Albert Einstein and the very numerous classes led and represented by these men are not communists; they are not even majority socialists; they are good democrats and liberals of the type that, from 1914 to 1918, was hailed by us as the salvation of Germany and the world. But in that coming German crisis they will either share the fate of Walter Rathenau, who declared it his mission to spiritualize the dead industrialism that has brought so much evil and conflict into the world, or they will be found in the ranks of the revolutionists. And against them will fight the Ludendorffs, the Junkers, the Faulhabers, the "Hakenkreuzler" who are clamoring for "Sicilian Vespers" and "St. Bartholomew's Nights" and pogroms. And it will come to pass—though we hope we are false prophets—that our conservative American press will take the part of these madmen and will represent them as the upholders of law and order, property and security.

It will be an ironic situation. It will not be an amusing one. Our American democrat will be asked to uphold and to sympathize with the men whom, during the war, he was taught to regard as criminals and as the enemies of mankind. Their opponents will be denounced as Bolshevists and Mr. Ford who is paying at this moment for the extension of his anti-Semitic propaganda to Germany* may be a candidate for the Presidency shouting the slogan of the supremacy of the Nordic man. And thus that coming crisis in Germany will be our crisis, the acid test of our honor and our democratic integrity. Is this fantastic? Let us hope so. We can but wait and see.

Critic or Reviewer

THE learned who insist on being severely judicious even in their sprightly moods assure us that a reviewer of books can never be a critic. The reason they give is not new. It is an academic commonplace; it has been promulgated as an axiom in a hundred classrooms and seminars. The reviewer, we are assured, cannot be a critic because the subject of his comment is the immediate and contemporary. Once more we are regaled with the quotation that the criticism of our contemporaries is only conversation and instructed that the entire history of the critic's craft bears out the argument to the utter rout of the reviewer.

But does it? Or are we facing a slightly petrified tradition? There are, at least, examples to give us pause. The judgment of contemporaries has not always been absurd nor has the perspective of time always saved mighty critics from terrible blunders. Take Ben Jonson on Shakespeare. Combine the two aspects of his judgment, the "would he had blotted a thousand" with "he was not of an age but for all time." Is that not sovereign and final—far more so than either the "inspired barbarian" theory of the Age of Reason or the undiscriminating idolatry of the Romantics? No one has bettered Goethe's estimate of Schiller; Johnson was far sounder on Pope than on Milton; Matthew Arnold was magnificent on Wordsworth whom he had known in the flesh and inconceivably mistaken on Shelley who died in the year of his birth. Jules Lemaître's "Les Contemporains" and Remy de Gourmont's "Livre des Masques" have all the marks of authentic criticism and permanent literature; even the severe and academic Brunetière wrote, not ineffectually or foolishly, on the novelists of his day.

But is there not, the academicians will ask—in the departments of English they will be thinking of Cowley, the stock or classical example—is there not an inevitable tendency to overestimate contemporary work? The answer will depend on the precise meaning of the word overestimate. We are undoubtedly tempted to mistake immediate values for eternal ones and the virtues of actuality for those of permanence. But these immediate and actual values and virtues are intensely real ones, a truth which the academic critic will not grasp. It is, for instance, highly questionable whether the writings of, let us say, Mr. Sherwood Anderson have the rich universality of appeal and the permanent preciousness of speech that must characterize the humblest classic. What is not questionable is that he expresses—expresses at times by his very dumbness—a mood, attitude, yearning, that are of the highest actuality and importance to this moment in the spiritual history of America. He may not speak to the twenty-first century; he speaks to and for last year and this and the next. He speaks for a certain civilization in certain moods as, to compare smaller things to greater, Tennyson spoke for certain years and moods in the religious history of the English people. Those moods are gone. The stature of the poet assumes truer proportions. But those years and moods were. We must understand them to understand what followed.

There is no reason why the intelligent reviewer of the latest books may not be a critic in the finest sense by keeping the distinction between temporary and permanent values clearly in his consciousness. Literature is more than a game and the academic diversion of arranging dead writers in correct hierarchies of rank is the most negligible department of criticism. The reviewer who, because he has experienced it deeply, can show his readers persuasively and eloquently how a given contemporary work expresses, interprets, clarifies that life which we are all trying to live and make more rational and beautiful, is exercising a more fruitful critical function than the learned academician who balances weightily the claims of Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley to the second place in the roll of British poets. If our reviewer of a contemporary work thinks that, in addition to its immediate and vital appeal and significance, it has the qualities of permanence too, he is, at worst, making a mistake that time is sure to right. At best he may be another Ben Jonson saying the final words early instead of late.

* *Der Internationale Jude. Ein Weltproblem.* Das erste amerikanische Buch über die Judenfrage. Herausgegeben von Henry Ford. Hammer-Verlag.

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Government by Daugherty

ON September 1, the Government of the United States sought and obtained from Federal Judge J. H. Wilkerson in Chicago one of the most sweeping and drastic temporary injunctions against a nation-wide labor union yet granted in this land of injunctions. There is no conceivable activity connected with the conduct of a strike which is not forbidden. Not merely violence but picketing of all sorts, strike meetings, statements to the public, the use of union funds to carry on the strike, and the use of any means of communication by the leaders to direct it, are under the ban of the Government.

We say "of the Government," but governments do not function impersonally. Actually this staggering exercise of power is the work of an unknown judge, clothed with a little brief authority, which he applies to an industrial dispute at the behest of one Harry M. Daugherty, politician, corporation lobbyist, procurer of pardons for profit. As Attorney General he acts for a sadly bemused President whose painful course of wiggling and wobbling has at last brought him—perhaps to his own surprise—to this pitch of autocracy. If the whole affair were not so serious it would be farcical in its revelation of the Administration's inconsistency and incompetence. If the strike of the shopmen was ever illegal it was illegal two months ago when it was called. In the interval the President himself has negotiated with the strike leaders; he has declared publicly that the transportation act did not make it mandatory on either side to obey the decisions of the Labor Board which in point of fact the executives had disregarded far oftener than the workers; he has rebuked the effort to destroy the unions; and his first proposals for settling the strike recognized the right of the strikers to hold those seniority privileges which have become outwardly the crux of the conflict.

In those days Mr. Harding was probably relying on Dr. Hoover; when his prescription did not work to the President's satisfaction he called in Dr. Daugherty whose specialty, it would appear, is the open shop. This prescription he declares himself ready to force on the country no matter how painful is the process. Heroic measures are required. Hear him:

> No labor leader or capitalistic leader, no organization or association of any kind or kinds or combination of the same will be permitted by the Government of the United States to laugh in the frozen faces of a famishing people without prompt prosecution and proper punishment.

We wish Dr. Daugherty could have been with us at the ball game the very day he made that speech. It would have done him good to hear those frozen faces cheer. His colleague Dr. Loree, president of the Conference of Eastern Railroads, than whom no mere Attorney General can be more devoted to the sanctity of the open shop, must regret some of Dr. Daugherty's rhetoric. Had he not just been explaining to the country that the strike was virtually over, that it would be definitely ended by the middle of September, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission did not know what it was talking about when it gave out those gloomy figures of the number of locomotives in bad condition? Now to have this marplot talk of one railroad forced into a receivership, mail trains discontinued, coal cars congested by the thousands in the railroad yards—it really is too much. (The New York *World*, by the way, says that its inquiries failed to find those 25,000 coal cars at Somerset, Kentucky.)

We repeat that the situation has humorous features, but it is anything but a joke. The argument for a permanent injunction will be heard September 11. We want to believe that no judge will grant it. It is entirely opposed to the express provisions of the Clayton Act but that has been effectually nullified by the Supreme Court and there is the partial precedent of the injunction President Cleveland obtained against the workers in the famous Debs case. The whole procedure is nothing less than an attempt to use the force of the Government so thoroughly to break the resistance of the railroad workers that they will be compelled to toil for the private profit of the railroad owners at whatever terms they may be pleased to grant. This is slavery. There is a higher law than any injunction, yes, a higher law than any constitution, and that is the law of liberty and of justice. In obedience to that law civil disobedience to lesser laws becomes a duty.

If the injunction is not made permanent, it will not be necessary for lovers of liberty once more to serve their country and their kind by defying autocracy. Nevertheless great harm will have been done. The Government might have protected transportation by taking over the railroads; instead it tries to coerce the workers. Admittedly the workers were not more recalcitrant than the employers. Mr. Daugherty's assumption to the contrary is false to fact. Yet every worker knows that the Government would not have dreamed of seeking a like injunction against the Association of Railway Executives. That means in plain English that this Republican Administration, like its Democratic predecessor in the coal strike of 1919, is the ally, albeit the stupid ally, of the dominant economic class. That fact speaks louder than reams of revolutionary theorizing. To realize how near it comes to destroying the workers' faith not only in this government but in orderly processes of conducting their struggle for justice, let the good old-fashioned American consider in connection with Mr. Daugherty's injunction the story of five men now in custody at Gary, Indiana, charged with causing a train wreck at that point as part of their strike activities. They were said to have confessed this heinous crime. Now comes their lawyer, supported by affidavits from four physicians, to allege that these men of alien birth were so tortured in third degree proceedings as to be led to make an utterly false statement. No one who knows how such cases are handled can deny the inherent probability of this story.

Is it any wonder that labor unions are talking that new thing in American life, a general strike? To those who like *The Nation* regard all strikes as clumsy and wasteful means of securing what ought better to be guaranteed by a proper organization of industry, the thought of a general strike is appalling. We doubt if the workers are as yet in a position to make it succeed and we profoundly hope that the courts and public opinion may yet make it manifestly unnecessary. But the workers must not and will not forever submit to tyranny. It is our concern that they discover means of resistance as little hurtful as possible and as far removed as possible from the violence Mr. Daugherty's methods invite.

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Coal for Consumers

The People, Not the Government, Should Control Coal

By JAMES PETER WARBASSE

LIFE in the United States revolves around coal. Horizontal transportation by railroads, vertical transportation by elevators, the carrying on of industrial functions, as well as the heating of our homes and the preparation of our food depend upon coal. Disorganization of the coal industry means chaos. A sudden shutting off of the coal supply means famine and death to countless millions of people in the United States. Yet this industry is one of the worst organized of any in the country.

We have more than half of the coal of the whole world. Our coal is most accessible and easily mined. It should be the cheapest; it is the dearest. The industry is not only unstable, but the waste is enormous. For every ton of coal brought to the surface, one ton is left irrecoverably buried under the ground. Other wasteful methods add to the excessive costs.

There are 11,000 coal mines, among which a competitive struggle goes on to produce coal at the lowest cost and sell it at the highest price. Between mine and consumer are the mine owners, the jobbers, and the retailers—all interested in gambling in coal—that is, in buying at the lowest price and selling at the highest. Investigation of prices paid by the Government for coal in 1920 showed that coal costing $2.80 a ton at the mouth of the pit was sold to the War Department at $9 and $11 a ton. It is estimated that the coal companies in the United States made a clear profit of $1,000,000,000 during the four years of war.

The wastage of human power among the 600,000 miners employed is enormous. The bituminous workers are idle ninety-three working days a year. The poverty and squalor in which the miners live is one of our national tragedies. The man who works steadily in the mines is a physical wreck at middle life. The fact that coal is mined for profit and not for use also means an enormous sacrifice of human life. During the last ten years the coal-mine accidents in the United States have killed an average of 2,366 men a year; there are over 30,000 serious non-fatal accidents annually. So long as the profit motive rules in coal production, low wages for the workers, high prices for the consumers, discord, strife, and suffering in the industry will continue. The profit motive is in the interest of the owners of the mines and the coal dealers on one side, while the interest of the workers and of all of the people as consumers is on the other side.

So obvious have the disadvantages of the profit motive in this industry become that the demand for "nationalization of the coal mines" is growing almost irresistible. In each acute coal crisis more and more people are found advocating this plan for solving the problem. The indications are that nationalization of the coal mines is coming. The next coal crisis may witness its adoption. This means the political socialization of coal. While this plan may offer advantages over present methods, it also has disadvantages.

The postal employees furnish an object lesson which other workers should ponder before it is too late. These government-controlled workers have lost control of their jobs. They are forced into a deadly routine and are dominated by a machine-made bureaucracy. They are under the authority of an ever-changing head. They are forbidden to organize, which means that they are reduced to a state not far above peonage. They present the pathetic picture of a cowed class. Advancement is best promoted by waving the flag of the dominant political machine. This is what the miners invite when they advocate "nationalization." And, until they are taught to be properly submissive, they invite the soldier with his bayonet at the mouth of the pit to see that they stay in the ground and dig coal. Would a government capable of the Daugherty injunction be anything but a ruthless taskmaster over labor?

The people are not the government. If government ownership comes, it will be found that the people own just so much less property. The government is moving steadily toward appropriating the property of its citizens. It is moving unwittingly but surely. First comes government regulation, then control, and then ownership. The government will be found taking over industries as they break down under the profit system. The telegraph, telephone, railroads, and coal mines seem about to pass from the hands of some of the people to the hands of the government. Such change of ownership is coming about because the profit motive in industry ultimately means inefficiency, strife, and chaos. Instead of having less property the people should have more property—but it should be ownership by the many who are concerned, not by the few who merely exploit. Ownership of property is a natural hunger. It promotes a sense of independence and responsibility. The government is an impersonal machine. It is not a particularly efficient machine and it is sometimes a most unjust and dangerous machine. The people, not the government, should own the coal mines and other natural resources.

The only way by which coal can be mined solely for the service of the people is for all the people who use coal to own the mines. Coal would then be produced for use and not for profit. And this is the end that must be reached if the coal industry is to be placed on a permanently sound basis. Coal should be mined and distributed not for the purpose of making profits for owners, nor for the purpose of making wages for workers; it should be mined to be burned—to be used—for just that simple purpose.

Government ownership is supposed to be a movement in the direction of the service motive in industry. But if the government should buy the coal mines today, the political power of the owners is so great that the valuation they would impose upon the mines would be vastly beyond the equity the owners have put in and would make coal a dear commodity for the consumers for a long time to come. The credit for the purchase of the mines would be secured by the issuance of long-term interest-bearing bonds, and another burden would be added to a deeply indebted government, a more powerful bureaucracy created to gnaw at the vitals of the state. Before the government takes this step it would be well for the consumers to anticipate it. The government does not want to take over the coal mines. It will resist doing so as long as possible. Not until conditions have

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become intolerable will such a step be considered. The government should welcome any plan that will save it this additional complication.

There is a way by which the government may be of service to the people in helping solve this problem and at the same time save itself from a plunge into government ownership. A temporary coal commission, created by act of Congress, could provide a central machinery while the consumers are organizing to own and administer the mines. Such a commission should consist of an equal number of representatives of the consumers, the workers, and the mine owners. The chairman should be additional, and should represent the first class. In the meantime the consumers should organize locally, in state, and finally in a national federation by the well-tested and highly practical method of Rochdale cooperation. The coal commission should distribute coal to the public at a fixed percentage above net cost. The surplus saving accumulating from distribution to the consumers should be partly returned to them in proportion to their consumption and partly put in a reserve fund. This increasing surplus would serve ultimately for the purchase of local equipment for coal storage, handling and distribution, and finally for the purchase of mines. As the organized consumers come into possession of coal properties the coal commission would cease to have jurisdiction over such properties.

A survey of the coal situation is essential. We need to know: (1) The amount of coal of various kinds that is required for industrial and domestic use, (2) the distribution of these needs, (3) the locations of the most available and economically accessible coal with relation to the points of consumption, and (4) the value of the properties necessary to produce this coal. This information should be secured by the existing statistical and census agencies. It should be assembled by the coal commission and made available for the people.

The coal commission, although appointed by Congress, should be nominated by non-political bodies. An organization of mine owners representing more than half of the coal production, such as the National Coal Association, should be competent to appoint its representatives. Similarly, a national organization representing more than half of the workers, such as the United Mine Workers of America, should be competent to make the nominations for the second class. To make this plan as non-political as possible, an organization of the consumers, representing at least 1,000,000 members, such as the Cooperative League, or a combination of consumers' organizations, should be competent to make the nominations for the consumers.

It is suggested that the consumers acquire the local storing and distributing machinery before they buy mines, because it is a principle of cooperation, proved by experience, that they succeed best by first mastering the methods of distribution, by meeting the needs nearest to themselves as consumers, and then by working back step by step from retail distribution to wholesaling and then to production, rather than by reversing this order. The purchase of coal mines by the consumers should be the last step after the machinery of distribution has been perfected.

Further capital could be raised by a membership fee, or by the issuance of low-priced bonds or shares, which must be paid for, before cash savings-returns may be enjoyed. Government assistance by loans is highly undesirable, as the purpose of this plan should be to keep as far away from political subsidy as possible. Money loaned by municipal, state, and federal governments to town, state, and national consumers' associations is practiced in France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Denmark at the present time; but it adds undesirable political control and detracts from the self-help and voluntary character of the enterprise.

The principle involved in this plan is very simple. The consumers should own and control the mines which supply them with coal, and the funds to acquire the ownership should be developed by going into the coal-distributing business. The profits in coal are not known. They are hidden away today. But if they are anything like the glimpses here and there revealed, it should not take many years to make the people owners of the mines and of the wealth that coal represents.

The purchase would be made by the use of the money which now is called "profits." It is an ever-flowing stream. At present this golden current moves steadily toward the pockets of the comparatively few dealers and owners. It has a volume sufficient to place the whole coal business upon a basis of service, if it is once shunted off so as to flow into the treasury of the consumers instead. The method of cooperative administration of such property has all been worked out and standardized by seventy-five years of successful experience in the Consumers' Cooperative Movement. Joint boards of consumers and workers harmonize the two interests, but the fact that the workers are consumers and have a voice in their consumers' organizations equal to any other consumer is a strong factor in promoting harmony of interests.

This method of expanding the ownership of coal mines to all the consumers can be brought about gradually and without social shock. It constitutes ownership and collective control by the consumers. It is distinctly different from "nationalization," government ownership, or government control. The cooperative plan does not confiscate or "take over" any property. Nor does it prohibit the continuation of private profit-making, coal-mining, and distributing. The presence of capitalistic coal business, competing with the consumers' business, should be a challenge to the latter to make itself more efficient.

The time for the consumers to secure possession of property by orderly purchase has come. It will actually cost them nothing. Chaos threatens. The world is moving on toward state socialism and the enlargement of governmental functions. By cooperation the people can protect themselves from this fate. By this method the people can own and distribute coal on a basis of service.

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES P. WARBASSE is president of the Cooperative League of America.

ANDREAS LATZKO is a celebrated Austrian writer, well known as the author of "Men in War."

LEWIS S. GANNETT, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, attended the sessions of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last month.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD has been editor of various publications and is the secretary of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism.

CHARLES T. HALLINAN is an American newspaperman now resident in England.

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The Shop-Windows of Vienna

By ANDREAS LATZKO

IN the good old times before the war, when a flood or a fire with a few dozen casualties sufficed to make charity fashionable, "the thing" for raising relief funds was to organize a bazaar with champagne booths, amateur vaudeville, and dancing. The real profit was, of course, made by dressmakers, florists, and taxi companies; and the expense for advertising, hall rent, and the rest, swallowed more than finally reached the sufferers. However, one could scarcely expect to succeed in the irrational undertaking of appeasing A's hunger with B's bank-notes in a rational way. A man can perform an act which does not serve his own personal aims only if his imagination is sufficiently roused either by the fear that something similar might happen to him, or by the anticipation of applause after performing an altruistic deed. A charity bazaar, therefore, appealing to both these phases of the imagination and adding the probability of gaiety and display, is everywhere bound to be a success.

To understand the way in which the public's sensibilities react, one should watch two women begging at opposite street corners. One is the most pitiful example of human motherhood, emaciated, ragged, clutching a half-starved baby to her withered breast; the other a dashing society girl collecting funds for the poor. Which of these two will be more successful? The beautiful girl of course. But from this it must not be inferred that all wealthy people are heartless snobs, as some demagogues would want us to believe. Far from it. It simply proves their appalling lack of imagination. Poverty, hunger, need are terms that awaken neither memories nor apprehensions in the average citizen's mind; while the brilliant smile of the silk-stockinged young woman calls up all sorts of pleasant associations that delightfully stimulate him to action.

For the same reason war has become unutterably horrible—to the soldier but not to the general. While long-range guns tear to pieces invisible young men, he who directs these guns sits safely behind the lines surrounded by his usual comforts, being in communication with the battlefield only through telephone messages and pin-marked maps. He never sees the havoc his orders wreak, and his imagination refuses to substitute actual experience. Likewise, the class war has become ferocious since business enterprises have grown so large that owners and workers no longer know each other personally. The stockholder has the joy of high dividends squeezed out of a nebulous, collective something called the proletariat, of which he has no living, individual conception. These duels between adversaries who belabor each other without feeling the tremor and terror of the flesh their fist mangles have exterminated shame and pity to an alarming degree. Nowhere can this brutalizing of human instincts be better illustrated than by looking at the shop-windows of Vienna.

The Greeks with their wonderfully fertile imagination invented, as the acme of cruelty, the tortures of Tantalus. We moderns seem unable to realize these tortures, even when we see them bodily before us. For no eye widens with horror on beholding half-frozen beggars crouching in the snow before a fur shop's luxurious exhibit, or gray-faced phantoms convulsed with hunger staring at the choice delicacies displayed behind the glistening plate glass of some fashionable dealer in foodstuffs. If some degenerate boy should dangle an appetizing piece of meat just out of reach of an emaciated dog, he would be called to task by the average passer-by. But where human beings are concerned the case seems to be different.

Besides—what four-legged creature could be disciplined so as to let a pane of glass keep it from satisfying ravenous hunger? None—unless it first were fettered, limb by limb. And that is exactly what is the matter with those countless derelicts who undergo torture before the shop-windows of Vienna. They are fettered, hand and foot, by a heavy chain made from the rules and statutes of criminal law. This chain cuts so deep into their souls that they would die of hunger and cold within the very sight of food and comfort rather than break a pane of glass. . . .

Humanity cannot be rehumanized before its imagination is redeemed from straps and blinkers, and becomes free to roam once more. Only when those fortunate ones, who leaving clean beds, refreshing baths, and warm breakfasts start every day with new zest and joy of life, will be able to recognize how blunt, how selfish, how inhuman they have become—only then will improvement be possible. But how is one to go about it? How can a man waken his sleeping imagination when he has long been careful to silence it with the infallible narcotic "there always have been and there always must be both rich and poor" . . . ? People do not want to be roused from their comfortable lethargy, and they will explain at great length that nature itself is unjust. Does it not force the fisherman of the Lofoten miserably to subsist on a few hardly won fish, while lavishing bananas and coconuts on the happy Singhalese? Does it not bless the peasant of the plains with rich, fertile soil, while he of the highlands has to struggle desperately with the stony ground of his fields? I grant all this. But nature *never* forces the disinherited to witness the affluence of more fortunate races. Man alone, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, has seen fit to make an every-day occurrence of the pagan extreme of torture! He incloses the public thoroughfare within two rows of glittering shop-windows where every extravagance of luxury is flaunted before the eyes of the poorest of the poor, reminding them constantly of all the comforts, pleasures, and refinements they are condemned henceforth and forever to do without.

In all large cities the well-to-do make up only a small island around which surges everywhere the murky sea of destitution. But in no other city is the soulless, greed-distorted face of our times as brazenly unveiled as in Vienna. Here tiny perfume bottles carry the price ticket "fifty thousand crowns" on slender crystal necks, here fur dealers exhibit ladies' wraps with the modest label "three millions," here a young dandy will pause a moment in contemplation of a tuxedo suit valued at eight hundred thousand, before he decides on the purchase—and here, in front of these same shop-windows, row upon row of crippled war veterans are huddled together. Their rags freeze to the winter sidewalks or soak in the summer rain puddles. Their wooden legs stand out before them like

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broomsticks, forming a barrier of despair between the seductive shop-windows and the eager shoppers. But this does not keep the shopper from admiring the latest wantonness of fashion without wasting even a glance on the mutilated, beggared, starving "heroes."

Strange! Not so many years ago these same fashionable ladies who now pass by these same men unmoved, nursed them, washed and bandaged their horrible wounds, devoted all their time and thoughts to them. How can one understand their present attitude? "One grows callous!" a Viennese friend said to me. And he proceeded to explain how, quite apart from the financial problem, it was simply a physical impossibility to consider all these unfortunates, for it would take one a whole hour to proceed only from the Stefansplatz to the Opera, were he to stop merely a few seconds before each of them.

And they themselves? Do they hate the fashionable men and women who so lightly pass by their misery? That would be but human—and the dehumanizing process works both ways. Their hatred is concentrated on the few "fortunates" whom the war has so frightfully maimed that they cannot help but attract attention and take in alms accordingly, or the "civilian baggage" who appeal to popular sympathy through their helpless old age, or the war widows who, surrounded by their half-starved brood, occupy the best corners. The world of fashion is dear to them. As long as there still are people able to buy in the extravagant shops of the Kaerntnerstrasse, as long as the Opera, at sixty thousand crowns a box, is sold out night after night, as long as wealth still floods the city in such maddening whirl—so long there is hope that an occasional drop be splashed upon the beggar in the streets. A princely gift—their imagination no longer reaches any further. No longer. . . . Or not yet. On vermin-infested heaps of rags they sleep, somewhere in the poorest districts, those beggars of Vienna. Thus rested, in the morning they hobble back again to their accustomed places, animated by the feeble hope that thirty-five passers-by may take pity on them at the rate of twenty crowns each, so it will be possible to buy a loaf of bread at 700 crowns. . . .

Can such conditions continue indefinitely? As far as one looks back in history, no spectacle like this has ever been seen before. To be sure, in Vienna's quiet, aristocratic side streets stands many a beautiful old palace which was built of the blood and sweat of a peasantry laboring in serfdom. But their treasures of resplendent chandelier, of silken wall coverings and gilded columns were never arrogantly displayed before the exploited beast of burden. Never before was the disinherited majority of a population condemned daily and hourly to suffer the torments of Tantalus.

Who knows? Perhaps even now there is someone among us whose pen feverishly races across the sheets, someone whose voice will resound like the trumpets of doom, bringing back to life humanity's decayed imagination! Then the bitter taste of world misery will touch the tongue of the well-to-do, and they will no longer be able to enjoy their abundance, but burn with the desire to ameliorate, to readjust, to make amends.

Otherwise. . . ? Otherwise that pen and that voice will sharpen the teeth of the hungry, the claws of the dispossessed! And the beggars of Vienna, now easily restrained by thin panes of glass, will suddenly find the power to demolish iron and steel and cement.

Williamstown

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

COLONEL SMITH pointed out that Englishmen inhabited an island with a density of population of 375, but that by building up a world-flung empire she had reduced the imperial density to 39, whereas Japan, with few colonies as yet, had reduced her density only from 376 to 299. The United States had only 35.5. Hence Japan must be permitted to take over parts of China and Manchuria. She must have land, for supplies, raw materials, coal, and iron, under her political control—or perish as a nation. It was all very well for Englishmen and Americans whose countries already had all the land and food supplies they needed to be moral and to tell Japan that she could buy her supplies of them. England had not talked so morally in the days when she was seizing Gibraltar and India and Aden and Australia, nor America when she was taking the land from the Indians. Nor would America a few years hence when her land had filled up and it became necessary to annex Mexico and Central America as an outlet for her surplus population.

Colonel Smith was only one, but there were five admirals, six colonels, a general, and a handful of majors and captains at the Institute of Politics this summer, fine men and gentlemen all; an officer of the Intelligence Division of the army said one evening with a good deal of truth that he was the only person in the dining-room who didn't have some sort of a chip on his shoulder. But they were all "America first and only" folks, thinking in rigid terms of national units; and hence they provided a most useful contrast to the rather vague Wilsonian internationalism of those nice ladies and college professors who made most of the Institute. An institute of international politics is likely to attract too many Utopian idealists; they were fortunate at Williamstown to have an opportunity to match their theories and their hopes against the hard realities of American nationalism.

The admirals and colonels wanted tariffs and ship subsidies and colonies and protectorates and our own 100 per cent American system of cable communications paralleling the British system all around the world. And not all of them were as logical as Colonel Smith; some did not want anybody else to have them either. There was President Dr. David P. Barrows of the University of California, late colonel of the Siberian Expeditionary Forces, an upstanding, forthright gentleman of the real six-foot American type: he wanted Japan to cancel her old secret treaties with Russia, give up spheres of influence in Manchuria and Mongolia, retire from Siberia, and in general be good.

There was a talkative Harvard graduate, late of the Military Intelligence division of the army, who said that he wanted to ask us, as he had to ask himself, whether this was not a world in which, however we might feel individually about the matter, the reigning national psychology was that of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and whether therefore we did not think that it would be better for us as a nation to quit talking lofty principles and go in for frank selfish national prosperity on the good old rule of might makes right—not barring, of course, the possibility, and indeed he for one hoped that it might come to pass, that the nations of the world might, fifty or

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a hundred or a thousand years hence, come to appreciate and practice our American standards of fair play. (He did not disclose how the world would then know that fair play was peculiarly American.)

Now of course that was not the spirit of the Institute, of its founder President Garfield of Williams College, or of its "angel" Mr. Bernard Baruch. The Institute looks toward peace by the study of facts and programs. I should say that it selected the kind of facts and programs a little more than was wise, but I am very sure that the gentlemen in charge of it were not conscious of any such selection. They would say rather that they had successfully eliminated propaganda. (But as far as I have ever been able to discover, "propaganda" is merely education in things you don't believe in and "education" propaganda for things you support, and what Dr. Garfield did was to select eminently *safe* educators.) Not that all was agreement. The two most popular round tables were constantly in the joys of fervid dispute. Paul Warburg, Paul D. Cravath, David Houston, and Benjamin Anderson, Jr., argued mornings for cancelation at least of the continental debts to us as a step toward the rehabilitation of Europe; and regularly in the afternoon Oscar Crosby would dispute their pleas. Whether Paul Warburg argued for revision of the Treaty of Versailles or David Houston for entry into the League, Oscar Crosby was aflame with disagreement. He believed America could help Europe most by letting Europe alone. In his program a healthy skepticism of paper-perfect programs mingled occasionally with an almost Fourth-of-July Americanism. He passionately denounced American policy in Haiti but declared that if the navy said we needed Haiti we should have the right and duty to take it. (He seemed to forget that navy experts change their authoritative minds with rare ease—as in the case of Fonseca Bay, which we had to have, for which we paid $3,000,000, and which the navy experts now say is not worth fortifying.) Yet he riddled the nationalism of the Colonel Smiths who would have each country have its own ships and cables and complete manufacturing systems, endlessly complicating the machinery of the world, and the bankers who were ready to lend Germany money with which to build ships when the harbors of the world were full of idle ships of other flags. Nor did Mr. Culbertson, vice-chairman of the Tariff Commission, have it all his own way when he pleaded for a resolute policy of no commercial preferences—a sort of open-door policy for the entire world—on the ground that national security is sometimes made more certain by the renunciation of what seems to be immediate personal advantage.

When, at the round table on Central America and the Caribbean Area, Helena Hill Weed led the discussion on Haiti, Admiral Knapp, late commander of our Caribbean forces, sat at her left, and two former chiefs of the Latin-American Division of the State Department at her right. And, while it is forbidden to report the discussion of this particular round table, it may be hinted that Mrs. Weed's grasp of facts commanded the admiral's and the chiefs' keen respect. When the round table on the Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia discussed the Anglo-Russian trade agreement, Philip Kerr, who was secretary to Mr. Lloyd George during the period of the negotiations, explained what was in his chief's mind. There were plenty of men who were in the American Expeditionary Force to give fire to President Barrows's round table on Japan's Foreign Policy in Siberia and China—so much so that at times it seemed almost too much like an experience meeting of disgruntled Americans.

Now such discussions play a very precious part in American life. If it is possible to get the men who mold the nation's policy in Washington and the men and women who mold the nation's minds in the colleges and in the newspapers and in such organizations as the League of Women Voters together for a few summer weeks of calm debate, surely all will gain. I should have liked to see a little less official type of leaders. One could not ask better men than Paul Warburg, Paul D. Cravath, Benjamin Anderson and David Houston—with Oscar Crosby as a healthy all-American antidote—to discuss the problems of European rehabilitation and inter-Allied debts. In fact, one could hardly ask more authoritative spokesmen than most of the round tables had. My complaint is that they were too authoritative. It was a happy accident that Mrs. Weed was present to tell the Haitian story in full; no one was present to speak for the Mexicans or to give the Cuban view of General Crowder's dictatorship in Cuba. The discussions of international journalism would have been infinitely livelier if someone had been there to shake them up by an ungentlemenly exposure, say, of our old friend the New York *Times* or of the Associated Press. Dr. Dennis, late of the Military Intelligence Division and now attached to the London Embassy, gave a picture of Soviet Russia's foreign policy which was scrupulously honest but almost invariably unfriendly in interpretation.

The Institute's continuing value largely depends upon its continuing impartiality. It is still in the experimental stage where frank criticism should be welcome. I think it would profit by a deliberate effort to be less "regular." Suppose, for instance, that its lecturers next year should be Francesco Nitti, late Premier of Italy, on the Political and Industrial Role of Catholicism in the Modern World; Karl Radek on Soviet Russia's Relations with the Western Nations; André Tardieu (for variety) on French Foreign Policy, 1917-1923; some undiplomatic Latin such as President Irigoyen of Argentina on the United States as seen from the South; and Professor Suh Hu of the University of Peking on Young China; and suppose that the round tables, retaining Mr. Culbertson's enlightened table on the tariff and the bankers' on rehabilitation, included a discussion of international journalism under the joint leadership of Walter Lippmann and Norman Angell, of the Hague court by John Bassett Moore, of the League by Manley Hudson and William C. Bullitt, of America's policy toward Russia by James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association; and of America in the Philippines by Manuel Quezon; and suppose that, instead of confining the discussion of Asia to a hyper-diplomatic Jap, a number of anti-Jap American officers, two English liberal imperialists, and one more-than-English American visitor to India, some such spokesman of awakening Asia as Professor Benoy Kumar Sarkar of the Bengal Council of Education were invited to lead a round table discussion of Asia in World Politics—well, if that were done I think we should leave with as many facts as this year and a good deal more light, and perhaps we should have forgotten the officers' advice to be blindly and nationalistically selfish in hearing more from those who are busy working out in politics that more enlightened selfishness which the officers mistakenly call unselfishness.

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The American Newspaper and the People

A Psychological Examination

By NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

WHENEVER any unpleasantness ruffles the composure of the average American citizen as to government, civilization, or such matter, he fixes upon some individual or group of individuals whom he holds responsible, and asserts indignantly "They ought to be put in jail." Or, in the event he realizes that there is no legal means whereby the culprits may be hurried to prison, he is prone to start his discussion "There ought to be a law." There are in the public mind what may be termed "an atrocity habit" and "a conspiracy habit." Every trouble that arises appears thus to be the result of an atrocity committed by a group of plotters upon government, morality, civilization, or something else that intensely matters.

The American attitude toward the newspaper is based on the ideas of atrocity and conspiracy. The admitted function of newspapers is to convey to the public the objective facts of current events. The public is convinced that the newspapers are not fulfilling this function. The articulate part of the public charges that news is manufactured, suppressed, distorted, and colored. The reasons for these offenses it holds generally to be that the publishers of newspapers are subsidized for propaganda purposes, are influenced by the demands of advertisers, are seekers for circulation even at the cost of honesty, and through interlocking directorates and other relationships are closely tied to various private business interests. These reasons involve essentially the atrocity and the conspiracy theory—a conception of definite, voluntary attacks on democracy and civilization by newspapers in conspiracy with other institutions, corporations, organizations, or individuals.

Is this reasoning accurate and logical? In the first place, no sensible person, newspaper man or reader, denies the existence of the practices of manufacturing, suppressing, distorting, and coloring news, though opinions differ as to their extent. It is also true that the reasons commonly given for these practices are in isolated cases correct. That they are the principal causes of the failure of the American newspaper to fulfil its primary function, no one familiar with the inner workings of the newspaper is likely to maintain. The fundamental causes are to be found much more deeply embedded in American life; they are much harder to get rid of than are atrocities and conspiracies. They are subtle, slow working, and intertwined with many other characteristics of what we call our civilization. Not corruption, but ignorance and fear—the same type of ignorance and the same type of fear that permeate American life—are the fundamental causes for the failure of American newspapers to give the public the facts which the public has a right to demand.

The ignorance of newspaper men, though lamentable, would not present so serious a face were it not for the fact that the average reporter does not seek enlightenment. Given an assignment on an unfamiliar subject, the reporter will start out cocksure without consulting a reference book or even a more intelligent member of the staff of his paper. He will return and write his story without even looking within a dictionary. The story is currently told of a reporter, sent out to interview John Burroughs, whom he fatuously supposed to be the inventor of the adding machine. After some minutes of conversation with the naturalist, the reporter began to feel some doubt as to the mechanical knowledge of the man he was interviewing, and blurted out: "You'll pardon me, Mr. Burroughs, but what line of business are you in?"

A reporter of my acquaintance on a widely quoted daily, who had finally got sufficiently perplexed over a religious story to turn to the despised reference book, attempted to look up the name of Mary Magdalene in "Who's Who in America."

Errors of this sort make the American newspaper undependable in its reports of technical matters and to a less but still considerable extent in its ordinary news. In most cases such errors do not directly affect the public judgment on significant issues. On the other hand, when a reporter is placed on an important international story, he can do much damage by ignorance. Not a little of the misrepresentation of European conditions during and following the war was due to ignorance of history, geography, and economics on the part of American correspondents. Here they reflected the ignorance of the American public. Members of the British Labor Party and of the French trade unions have such a familiarity with economic history and current economic problems as shames the American college graduate. Quite as serious is the ignorance of the American reporter concerning what constitutes evidence. The misinterpretation of the Russian situation from the beginning was due in part to the credulity of American reporters, though in part, as will be pointed out later, to altogether different causes.

Ignorance on American newspapers exists because knowledge is not demanded. "A good story" is the most common expression in the newspaper office. Well-written stories, based partly on facts, semi-humorous leads written in by copy-readers, and florescent, artificial heads (developed, it is true, as an exigency of newspaper makeup) make such a combination as may well drive considerations of clear-cut knowledge completely out of the reckoning. Real knowledge of modern economics is much less likely to gain promotion for a reporter than ability to write an interesting but largely untruthful story about a street fight over ownership of a custard pie. The public, the editor says, is more interested in custard pies than in economics.

Closely related to ignorance, but even more powerful in its influence against complete and impartial truth-telling by newspapers, is fear. Fear is not a characteristic simply of newspapers; it is a characteristic of the American people, and perhaps their most distinctive characteristic. It is not a physical fear—Americans have shown courage and endurance times without number. It is rather an intellectual and spiritual fear, based on nothing tangible, on nothing which affords a reasonable basis for fear. It is psychopathological. It takes most conspicuously the form of fear of and deference to the herd, the whole body of people within the nation.

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Pathological fear always masks, or rationalizes, itself in other guises. No individual is willing to admit, even to himself, that he is a coward. The fear complex is inhibited by the psychic censor, and manifests itself in indirect and devious ways. Conduct actually inspired by fear is explained by the individual on the basis of various false rationalizations.

Hence, fear, though carrying popularly none of the moral stigma which attaches to corruption, is more devastating. Corruption presents a clear-cut issue of right and wrong, of honesty and dishonesty. There is always the chance that the crook will see this issue and determine to try to follow the right. Fear involves no clear-cut issue of any sort. Unadmitted as a motive by the person who is actuated by it, fear undermines every intellectual, ethical, and emotional resistance.

Fear in journalism begins with the reporter and permeates every part of the newspaper organization up to the publisher. Conversation with many reporters convinces me that the vast majority are fundamentally honest. It likewise convinces me that the vast majority are either liberals or radicals, though in many cases unintelligent ones. If, however, one picks up the average newspaper today and reads the stories written by these men, one will find a certain bias toward conservative and reactionary policies and against liberal and radical policies. Presumably, if these men unconsciously varied from strict objective truth in writing their stories, they would vary in the direction of their own convictions; namely, in a liberal or radical direction. What is the explanation of their varying in exactly the opposite direction?

The average critic of the newspaper, unfamiliar with newspaper practices, attributes this to instructions issued by the publisher to his staff that matter must be written with a certain bias. In occasional cases such orders are issued—practically always, however, by publishers who are in no sense professional journalists but are rather business men running newspapers as they would run factories. On most papers run even by men of this type there are no such orders. Most instruction sheets issued to the members of newspaper staffs emphasize the importance of accuracy and fairness.

A new managing editor comes to a newspaper. He calls the members of the staff together and says to them: "Boys, the thing I want you to do is to get the news. We want all the news, and we want it accurately. We don't care what it's about or whom it hits. There are going to be no sacred cows on this paper so long as I'm managing editor. If I see a sacred calf coming on, I'm going to choke it before it grows up." The boys listen, then they go out smiling to themselves, and write the same old stories with the same old bias. What is the trouble?

Fundamentally, it is fear on the part of the reporter and employees immediately above the reporter. All, or nearly all, the newspapers that the reporter has seen, including the one on which he is working, have exhibited a conservative bias in handling the news. He believes that the publisher wants only stories with a conservative bias and that if he writes an important political or economic story showing no bias or showing radical or liberal bias the story will not be printed and he may be fired. If nothing more, he feels that the story will be so altered by the copy desk as to maintain the conservative bias. The statements of the managing editor have not removed his fears. That functionary is considered by the reporter to have been "letting off steam," "trying to kid himself," or "just making a speech." The reporter is encouraged in his beliefs by the city editor and the copy-readers—men who have grown old and cynical in the newspaper office and who could not readily find employment outside of it. There is instilled into the young newspaper man's mind the feeling that the publisher is involved in various capitalistic enterprises, that his business and social associates are all capitalists, and that he is publishing the newspaper in the interests of capitalists.

Thus is formed a hapless circle. Because of what newspapers he has read and because of what older newspaper men have told him, the young newspaper reporter gives a bias to what he writes. Other reporters, coming after him, will have read what he has written, will perchance listen to his talk, and will follow his example.

The same reasoning applies to such an organization as the Associated Press. Critics like Mr. Upton Sinclair hold that the Associated Press is essentially corrupt, maintained consciously in the interests of capital. The situation rather is like this: Except where a special bureau is maintained, the Associated Press paper in each town—practically always a conservative paper—is, by virtue of its membership, the Associated Press correspondent for that town. The actual handling of the correspondence is, as a rule, turned over to some bright young man on the paper. This bright young man knows that there are other bright young men on his paper who would be glad of the job. Consequently, he is not going to do anything to cause a chance of his losing the position. He follows the beaten path of conservative bias in writing the news which he sends to the Associated Press. Quite beside the mark is the possibility that material written in a wholly different way might be acceptable. The point is that the reporter disbelieves this, it may be for excellent reasons, and is actuated by the fear of losing his job.

The natural result of such situations is to produce in the reporter the cynical attitude that a newspaper is a purely commercial enterprise, and that it does not pay to try to be honest upon it. It sells what the people want, or what the proprietor thinks the people want, or what, for some other reason, the proprietor is determined to sell. There is developed in the reporter the psychological phenomenon known as dissociation of consciousness. In one compartment of his mind he keeps his convictions about truth-telling and his liberal or radical ideas. In another compartment of his mind he keeps the commercial principles which he is convinced are those of the journalistic world.

The responsibility for this situation must not be laid wholly upon the reporter. The belief of the reporter that his paper demands biased news may not be based on any instructions from the publisher. When, however, in the face of such belief, the publisher remains silent or speaks half-heartedly, the public concludes that the fear on the part of the reporter is justified. A publisher can make it clear that unbiased reporting is the only acceptable reporting on his paper. He can, if necessary, discharge all editors and copy-readers who persist in conveying the opposite impression.

In most cases, the publisher does not face the issue at all. For one thing, in the large city he is more than likely to be not a professional journalist, but rather a business man, who has come up through the advertising department and who calls himself a "newspaper maker" rather than a news-

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paper man, an editor, or a journalist. He sees the newspaper as a business enterprise, designed to interest and please the public sufficiently to build a circulation which will bring in advertising. He concerns himself but little with the ethical obligation resting on his paper to tell the truth.

In case the paper is corporately owned and managed by a board of directors, the truthfulness of the news becomes a matter of still less concern. A group of this character is always more cautious, less ready to interfere so long as things seem to be going fairly well, than any individual in the group.

The publisher or publishers, moreover, are subject to intellectual and spiritual fear—fear of the herd and deference to the herd. The newspaper, as at present constituted, is essentially a herd institution. And the herd in the United States is held together by a definiteness of faith unequaled except in a supposedly infallible church. A long list of taboos—sexual, political, economic, and social—are dogmas of the American faith.

These dogmas are ingrained in newspaper folk, from the proprietor of the paper down. Devotion to truth, for its own sake or as the sole guide to conduct, being in nowise encouraged by the dogmatic system, the tendency, in the absence of any set policy whatsoever, is to exclude from the papers anything, however true, which violently conflicts with herd dogmas. The news concerning Soviet Russia, so far as it was not influenced by downright ignorance and lack of understanding of the ordinary canons of evidence, was colored not through actual corruption of the press but because of the feeling of the press that the herd tradition was against Soviet Russia. And so it was—though the herd tradition was turned in this direction in large measure by the newspapers, which in turn have naively accepted propaganda from official and semi-official sources.

Now and then, when a paper does publish facts which tend to conflict with herd dogmas, the herd—or part of it—manifests its shock of horror and resentment. It is not uncommon for subscribers to cancel their subscriptions or for advertisers to withdraw their advertising because a newspaper has published matter, usually undeniable facts, which they dislike. Those who do not break off their financial connections with the paper are prone to write letters of denunciation. Mobs of the self-styled patriotic have in these latter days demanded of newspapers that the facts be misrepresented in the interest of private propaganda. In the smaller cities and towns, individuals and organizations bring pressure to bear to have printed as news, matter which at its best is editorial comment and at its worst plain misrepresentation of facts.

Nevertheless, although essentially part of the herd, maintaining a herd institution, and showing constant fear of and deference to herd instincts, many a newspaper publisher of today considers himself essentially superior to the herd. At the same time, he has a conscious distrust and fear of the herd, manifested in unwillingness to give the people the facts.

This unwillingness has grown by reason of a combination of factors. An important factor has been the increasing tacit acceptance, in American political, civic, and commercial life, of the doctrine that the end justifies the means. There has also been an expansion of that specious motto, "My country, . . . may she ever be right; but, right or wrong, my country," until it has reached such depths of absurdity, easily apparent in the addresses of "boosters," as "Right or wrong, my town" and even "Right or wrong, my club."

To the development of such sentiments newspapers have lent their aid. Everyone knows how news of serious disease in a town is often suppressed or "played down" lest the reputation of the place—created by the local Chamber of Commerce—as "the healthiest city within five hundred miles in any direction" should be shattered. People still remember the attitude of California newspapers toward the earthquake and fire in San Francisco.

The growth of the tendency to conceal the facts because of distrust of the people was immeasurably assisted by the Wilson Administration, in its practice of giving to the public only such facts as it believed would aid in winning the war or in bringing credit to the adventurous Wilsonian diplomacy. The practice of concealing the facts became a more or less honored tradition in many newspaper offices, and with the passing of the war it has continued. The attitude of most newspapers to conditions in Haiti and the Dominican Republic is in point. The question is asked, time after time, "Is it safe to give the people all these facts?" The young reporter, ignorant and inexperienced, asks the question of himself before he writes a story. It is noteworthy, moreover, that the facts which are omitted are commonly of political, economic, and social significance.

There is in the United States no phenomenon more threatening to popular government than the unwillingness of newspapers to give the facts to their readers. No more serious indictment can be presented against any public or quasi-public institution than that it ever questions the wisdom of giving the people the facts. It may be asserted that the people are unintelligent, swayed by prejudice and unreason, and that they should be supplied with only such facts as will cause them to think and act wisely; i. e., in the way in which a given newspaper—or even editor or reporter—considers it wise for them to think and act. But what is making them unintelligent if not the newspaper which adopts this policy? And who shall say that the people, possessed of all the facts, will prove less capable of judgment than the staff of the average American newspaper?

The only chance for actual popular government is for all the available facts to be given to the people clearly and objectively. Any person—or any institution—which seeks to keep from the public any facts of public concern shows thereby that he has at heart no belief in popular government. If he professes such belief, he is either consciously a deceiver or irretrievably self-deceived.

The psychological determinism evident in American journalism makes obvious the futility of trying to whitewash the press by talk or dry-clean it by process of law. The first step toward improvement is recognition of the psychological factors largely responsible for the failure of the press to fulfil its primary function. The second step—rather is it a weary series of steps—is the effort to eliminate these factors.

It is a truism to say that these factors must be eliminated not only from the newspaper but from American life. Certain possibilities specifically applicable to the press may, however, be suggested. In the first place, there is a growing feeling among newspaper men and women that an organization is desirable. Whether this is a trade union or takes some other form, it offers the possibility of fixing standards of entrance into the profession, of establishing a

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code of ethics, and of taking over the ownership and operation of newspapers. In the second place, schools and departments of journalism, the number and effectiveness of which are rapidly increasing, are for the most part endeavoring to implant in their students ethical principles and the determination to carry them out. Before long graduates of these institutions will be the real leaven of the journalistic lump. For the rest, perhaps, we shall have to look to the release of the American people as a whole from the hopeless forces of ignorance and fear. Every step toward release for the newspaper is a step toward release for the public, and the converse is no less true and significant.

The "Gob" in Politics

By CHARLES T. HALLINAN

London, August 25

IT was just a year ago last June that Secretary of the Navy Denby removed Captain Clark D. Stearns from command of the battleship Michigan because the latter had encouraged the "gobs" to form a ship's council to take over certain questions of administration and minor infractions of discipline.

In the view of Secretary Denby this new development threatened the ruin of the American navy. Indeed he suggested that it smacked of bolshevism. But one wonders what he would think if the enlisted men in the American navy proposed to run one of their own number for Congress! He would call it "syndicalism," no doubt, and assert darkly that the end had come.

However, strange as it may seem to our prematurely fossilized Secretary, that is precisely the course which the humble blue-jackets in the navy of King George V are about to follow. They have an organization of their own called the Lower Deck Association—does that not sound ominous?—and the members are now definitely grooming for Parliament one of their members. He is a real sailor who has worked up to be a petty officer with the rating of Chief Writer. His name is J. E. Lane and he has, apparently, a passion for improving the lot of the enlisted man in the British navy. He and his mates have the quaint idea that since naval affairs have become highly technical, the House of Commons will welcome to its benches one who can speak vividly for the rank and file. And in this theory they may be right, for thus far not a single voice seems to have been raised in England against the proposal!

But as a matter of fact, the "revolution"—in this as in so many matters in England—has already come, and in a perfectly noiseless fashion. The formation, right after the war, of the Lower Deck Association was the important thing; compared with that this new step of getting a representative into Parliament is comparatively trivial. But the enlisted men now have their own organization—not a mere athletic association, be it noted—with delegates from all the ratings who meet every three years to discuss grievances and "respectively" to present them to the British Admiralty. Things have moved a long way in England since the famous "mutiny of the Nore" in 1797.

The recent session of this novel body at Chatham, which is the great naval station in England, saw the most frank and thorough ventilation of the ideas of the enlisted men. One odd feature of the session was the fact that no delegate raised the question of flogging in the British navy though that bit of medievalism survives—theoretically, at least—in the discipline of certain of the more juvenile ranks. When one reflects on the part which flogging and the fight against flogging have played in the internal history of the British navy, the complete indifference displayed toward the subject today probably means that it is so rarely employed as to be practically obsolete. (However, it *may* mean mere British indifference; it must not be forgotten that flogging still flourishes in England in the great public schools patronized by the aristocracy!)

Very British—to return to our theme—are the steps which have been taken by the blue-jackets to equip their spokesman for the new work planned for him. He has now retired from active service to become private secretary to an M. P. who is interested in naval affairs. Thus he gets "behind the scenes" at once and acquires a special training for his new role. And thus the British constitution wobbles along. Nobody gets much excited, nobody gets disciplined, nobody gets called names!

In the Driftway

THE Drifter like Lord Balfour, Paul Warburg, and M. Benes has a program for the settlement of Europe's troubles. It is far simpler than their programs; it involves no superhuman difficulties such as ratification by the Senate of the United States or agreement between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré. It requires the signature of no protocol, touches no inter-Allied debt or inter-enemy loan, involves no use of military force and no conference of prime ministers, envoys extraordinary, or plenipotentiaries supernumerary. It can be expressed in five words: *abolish the teaching of history.*

* * * * *

HISTORY, not money, the Drifter considers the root of all evil. If only the past could be forgotten how simple peace might be. If the history of the last eight years could be wiped out of the minds of statesmen and of peoples how infinitely more sensibly they would have to act. If M. Poincaré could forget that all Germans must, in the estimation of French prime ministers, be liars and schemers; if Irishmen could forget that they had ever fought each other or the British; if Russians and Finns and Poles could wipe out the memory of white and red terrors and wars and pogroms, the newspapers might devote to murders and divorce proceedings space now squandered on international rows, but the world in general would be a sweeter-smelling place to live in. The Drifter recalls the story of the arrival of twelve German journalists among the throng of Allied correspondents in the Hall of Mirrors when the Treaty of Versailles was being signed. The news spread; but the Allied newspapermen searched their ranks in vain for men whom they could tag as boches. Finally one of the elders of the trade drawled out in disgust "H——l! You can't tell a German from anyone else when he's got his clothes on!"

* * * * *

THE Drifter's scheme would wipe out in Europe's mind the distinctions which make it necessary for people to fear individuals and races which they might really like if they only did not think they knew so much

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about them. Every anti-Semite admits to his friendship the one or two Jews whom he really knows personally; most Frenchmen except from their sweeping condemnation the one or two Germans with whom they have actually had contact. The Europeans who call America the land of the dollar admit that the few of us they know have streaks of genuine idealism. The trouble is that we cannot forget what we have been taught. The trouble is history, ancient and modern, but particularly modern. If history teachers must be saved from starvation let them confine their teaching to the period before B. C. 0; but let the severest penalities be set against any who dare inculcate in the minds of the rising generation any notion of the more recent past.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Kelly Retorts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Padraic Colum writing in *The Nation* for August 23 finds evidences of "unfairness" and "extraordinary lack of candor" in my article The White Reaction in Ireland. Mr. Colum's statements are of such nature that I cannot permit them to stand unanswered, and I trust that *The Nation* will accord me the privilege of replying through its columns.

Mr. Colum objects to my quoting an official British statement regarding Griffith's arrest in November, 1920. Mr. Colum supports the Free State. The Free State is controlled by the British Government which lends it ten million pounds and supplies General Macready to direct military operations against the Republicans, as he did before the Anglo-Irish armistice. How can Mr. Colum object to quotation from his master's voice?

The reference to Lord Mayor McCurtain has absolutely no relevance. Had McCurtain not been murdered, had he, surviving, declared for British rule in Ireland in the guise of a Free State, then there would have been ground for accepting, as in the case of Griffith, the British version that he was a "moderate" and in danger from the "extremists." The British did not arrest McCurtain and put him in a comfortable jail, as they did Griffith; they killed him. To attempt to bracket McCurtain and Griffith is to insult the memory of the martyred Lord Mayor of Cork.

Few words suffice for Michael Collins. The Dublin *Fenian* recently raised the question did anyone really know what Collins did in 1916. Nobody has any actual evidence, all heard of Collins's actions from others. Nobody, save perhaps Downing Street—and Mr. Colum. All of Collins's actions since the treaty prove him a continual pledge-breaker. Even for Mr. Colum the whitewashing of Collins would prove a superhuman task.

With regard to the "blunder" that Mr. Colum makes so much of, it is true that "Gaelic League" was written for "Cumann na nGaedhael," but the two names in Gaelic are not greatly dissimilar (Connradh na Gaedhilge = Gaelic League, while Cumann na nGaedhael = Society or League of the Gael) and an expert such as Mr. Colum pretends to be should have known which was intended. Mr. Colum is in error, intentionally or otherwise, when he denies that the Hungarian Plan was outlined in 1902. I quote from Prof. Robert Mitchell Henry ("The Evolution of Sinn Fein"), who easily outranks Mr. Colum as an authority: "The 'Hungarian Policy' of 1902 was framed for the same situation . . ." (page 75). "The link with current politics was supplied by Mr. Griffith in an address which he gave to the third annual convention of the Cumann na nGaedhael in October, 1902, in which he outlined what came to be known afterwards as the Hungarian Policy" (pages 72-73).

Mr. Colum has never been known to take a position favoring Irish independence. He has been attacked in Irish-American papers for his indifference to his country's fate. He could write: "And what care I for Gael and Gall [foreigner]" ("New Songs" collected by his friend Æ). He has defended the rats in Irish history from the Dunsany of Cromwell's time to his friend, the present Lord Dunsany. His letter to *The Nation*, written on the eve of his departure for Ireland, may prepare his homecoming. Mr. Padraic Colum, as a poet, might make an excellent Free State Minister of Fine Arts, but he should leave politics alone.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, August 21 JOHN E. KELLY

The Little Theater

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Little Theater movement in St. Louis centers about a small and beautiful red brick building, known as the Artists' Guild, on Union Avenue, in a neighborhood of schools and churches. The property in effect is a community trust created through the generosity of Mr. William K. Bixby and other wide-visioned men and women. The building contains an art gallery and a theater with a perfectly equipped stage and seats for an audience of exactly 264. It was for this theater that Lord Dunsany, when in St. Louis two years ago, wrote a play—about a modern monk with a halo that stopped shining when the devil, in a tweed suit and straw hat, got through tempting him. The big feature of the last season was the presentation during April and May, for the first time in America, of two Russian plays, Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" and Sourgouchev's "The Violins of Autumn." The plays are professionally directed by Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, formerly of the Art Theater, Moscow, translator of "He Who Gets Slapped." St. Louis amateurs supplied the acting and some of the actors were university students barely out of their teens. Each play was presented seven times in St. Louis and "Uncle Vanya" was repeated at the University of Missouri, Columbia. Judging from the results of Dr. Zilboorg's careful coaching, one may say the Russian style of emotional acting is marked by extreme repression. Some of these youthful actors had never seen Mrs. Fiske or Mr. Gillette, but they seemed to be imitating those least declamatory of American players. As examples of the playwright's art these Russian dramas are sharply characterized by the absence, or at least by the intentional attenuation, of those three old and orthodox conventionalities of the stage, plot, action, and epigram. After witnessing "Uncle Vanya" a business man who prides himself on not being a highbrow said to me: "It wasn't a play at all. It was something better than a play. If they had hidden the samovars and cut out a few lines and changed all the names, I would have thought I was peeping through the keyhole in the house on a well-kept farm in Cheboygan County, Michigan."

St. Louis, August 23 TYRRELL WILLIAMS

For and Against the Heathen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The one clear impression that emerges from the welter of ideas in For the Heathen printed in your issue of August 16 is that your contributor has done for Islam what he has accused others of doing for Christianity—he has defended it uncritically. Commenting on Anatole France's remark that at Poitiers the "art, science, and civilization of Arabia were driven back before the barbarism of the West," he says that he dwells at length on the aesthetic aspect of the question because he thinks it significant of much else. But for his own purposes he would have done well to pin his argument to the science of the Arabs, particularly their military science, rather than to their art. The ideas that went into Moslem architecture in Egypt and Syria, with which he is so much impressed, were Hellenistic. If your contributor had gone to India for his illustrations he would have found more beautiful buildings tracing their ancestry more

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directly to Persia, and so suffering less from his abhorred Christian influence. But in the Near East, where the Arabs did not take over churches bodily they borrowed foreign ideas for their mosques. St. Sophia is beautiful, but not because of its glaring post-Christian Turkish name plates.

Your contributor dismisses the subject of painting with the word that "Mohammedan artists did not go in for painting at all in the sense of representation" and he avoids mentioning the subject of music. It would have been interesting to have had a comparison of Arabic and European music. Perhaps he would have maintained, as Orientals in more than one Eastern country have argued to me, that Oriental music is superior because it cannot with accuracy be set down on paper. Then the statement that "Mohammedanism came into the world only three or four centuries after Christianity" might be called a "conservative estimate."

There are also the statements as to the courteousness of the Turk in the war and the cruelty of the Greeks, which are not only commonplace but irrelevant. And the story of the gentle demeanor of Saladin is of course old stuff. It is fired at you by every native the minute you land in the Near East. One man tried to prove to me that the institution of chivalry in Europe owed its inception to the reports of Saladin's knightly bearing. And doesn't the remark that "what distinguishes Islam, after all, is its *frankness*" suggest that your contributor is a trifle gullible, unless indeed he is playing on the word "Frank"! When I read about the Cairo mosque's "clean golden nakedness" and "sweet austerity" and the youth "descending gracefully and glancing at us with his black eyes" I wondered if your contributor was not making for himself or allowing Pierre Loti to make for him some of the easily trumped-up Eastern mystery of which Charles Merz has recently written. It is to be hoped that Dos Passos, after his trip to the Near East, will soon do for those who still luxuriate in Eastern romance what he has already done for believers in the glamor of war.

There is much that is fine in Islam, but it can be written without blindness to its faults, without stooping, that is to say, to the same newspaper and pulpit tricks which your contributor has shown he so heartily despises when they are called to the aid of Christianity. And I can see no need for the implication in his first paragraph that the American College at Beirut has ever, directly or indirectly, intrigued against or fomented trouble for the nationalist Turkish party. That is a suggestion made in a sneering manner, which all who know the impartial, liberal, and progressive spirit of the college will heartily resent.

Jaffrey, New Hampshire, August 28 J. S. Bixler

The Christian Church and War

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comment apropos of the pacifist utterances of Rev. Austin Smith and Dean Inge of Saint Paul's—"We hope that both these reverend gentlemen will realize that if the church does not outlaw war, war will destroy the church"—might better have read "We see that these men (converted too late) realize that," etc. It is the realization of the church's terrible internal demoralization that the church's war-time stand has wrought that inspires these and similar utterances all over the country—and the world; *not* the concern for *humanity*—the "flocks" of these shepherds—which should have been uppermost in their minds, when the war-makers decreed that human beings should go to the shambles. One thing should be understood that before the "hate" of which the reverend doctor speaks so feelingly can be aroused fear must be put into the minds of people. One will recall the fear that the Germans would come over here and "destroy" America! After the fear has found hospitality hate follows. This is a psychological truism. Let us keep it in mind, for Colonel Ryan has told us that the next war is being planned, "down to the smallest detail."

Another Mr. Smith just returned from the Orient tells us that the average Mohammedan looks on Christianity as a religion of war and bloodshed, saying that Christians have waged the bloodiest war in all history. "The stage-setting (for more war) is perfect. Only the Christian gospel of brotherhood can furnish the moral and spiritual foundation that will make peace possible," says this man, and has he not got to the heart of the matter? A true understanding of "brotherhood" will not allow of the exploitation of any section of humanity for any purpose—be it on the industrial battlefield or the battlefield of brute warfare. A proper concern for the sacredness of all human life (which is the spirit of brotherhood) would have held the Christian church to its principles when—*and not after*—a firm stand was demanded. It seems to be very plain that the church today is concerned only with the problem of its existence—that it has not yet the vision of universal brotherhood and good-will.

An interesting sidelight on this is the failure of Christian preachers generally, including those who are also editors of denominational publications, to recognize the activities of the man on the other side of the world, Mahatma Gandhi, who is holding up to 300 million people this vision of universal love and good-will, who is inspiring these millions to practice what we Westerners have been content merely to preach—the Sermon on the Mount. Our own pulpits rarely speak the name of Gandhi, and visiting English divines know it not—this unique leader who says "We deserve our freedom, but we shall not shed the blood of our opponents. We shall not even hate them." If it be true that "where there is no vision the people perish" we Christians might well turn our faces again toward the East, for from that quarter in the past has come most of our spiritual illumination.

New York, August 1 Blanche Watson

The Tariff Grab-Bag

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The ethics of the tariff grab-bag at Washington are illuminated in a special dispatch published this morning by the San Francisco *Chronicle* from its Washington correspondent, who is the private secretary of Senator Samuel M. Shortridge. It heralds final passage by the Senate of the tariff bill with all California items intact except the duty on magnesite, which was lost "because of the fight made by the Steel Trust," which "owns most of the magnesite mines in Austria and doesn't want to pay duty on its own magnesite."

The correspondent continues:

"While magnesite was lost, another victory was added by an increase in the rate on grapefruit, which had been cut to half a cent by the Finance Committee. Knowing of the prejudice in the Senate against more California tariff schedules and especially increases, Senator Shortridge arranged with Senator Fletcher of Florida to introduce an amendment raising the rate to 1 cent a pound.

"Fletcher did with a brief speech, which Shortridge supported on the basis of additional protection for a Florida product, saying not a word about California, and the amendment was adopted. Previously Senate leaders had advised the California Senator that it would be folly to attempt to obtain an increase for a single California item."

I am afraid that the comment on this of the average Californian will be: "Sam Shortridge is a smart fella, all right!"

Sausalito, August 20 George P. West

Next week in the series
"These United States"
Tennessee: Three-Quarters of Bewilderment
By E. E. Miller, Editor of the *Southern Agriculturist*

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Two Passionate Ones Part

By LEONORA SPEYER

Why stamp the sovereign fires out?
They would have burned themselves away,
Finally flickered red to gray.

Had you but let them race and roar,
Scorch and consume you as they willed,
Tossing the hot ash far, fulfilled,

Where it had lain inviolate
On pyres of peace like an ardent dew . . .
Pity, pity, impatient two!

Now you go reeling out of love!
Look, as you stumble on alone,
This is the way you would have gone.

Why not have walked it hand in hand,
One-time lovers and all-time friends?
Love has a hundred gentle ends.

Ends, and beyonds . . . oh, ghosts of flames
That never lived, that never died,
Bitter and bright, unsatisfied!

These are the fires shall warm you now,
Sit and dream at them, dream and sigh,
These are the dead that cannot die.

Fires are meant to leap and fade,
Who are you to rule otherwise,
Monarchs with madness in your eyes?

Who are you to challenge change?
What! Would you carve love's wings in stone?
Fling them your sky! Their course is their own.

Grieving, impetuous, passionate two,
You who would canonize a kiss,
What would the good saints say to this?

Trample your fires! Kindle your ghosts!
Sit and speak with them, groan and weep,
But I know a cave where centaurs sleep:

High purple home of the learned beast,
Echoing wisdom and arched to bear
The weight of the voices rumbling there.

And there I learned of contented hearts
Too close to see when dreams burn low,
Too safe to care, too wise to know.

Books

Anthropology and Art

American Indian Life. By Several of Its Students. Edited by Elsie Clews Parsons. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $10.

A BOOK inspired by a group of interests, all of them intelligent, is bound to give rise to interesting problems. "American Indian Life" is uncommonly rich in problematical suggestion. It is frankly an experiment in publicity, but publicity of that higher sort which is partly an appeal for sympathetic understanding and partly an apologia for the special preoccupation of its authors. These are professional Americanists—archaeologists and ethnologists—whose names are eminent in the learned publications which deal with their division of the science of man, and who for the moment have thrown aside the panoply of professional learning and have approached their subject with liberal imagination. The volume comprises twenty-seven stories, in the manner of fiction, each portraying an Indian character or situation in that tribe or period with which the author's work has made him most familiar. The stories are done, as Dr. Kroeber says in his introduction, with strict adherence to the social facts; each author has "merely selected those that seemed most characteristic, and woven them into a plot around an imaginary Indian hero or heroine. The method is that of the historical novel, with emphasis on the history rather than the romance."

It is easy to say the obvious about such a collection. The authors are scientists indulging an unaccustomed fantasy, of which most of them entertain some uncomfortable suspicion: scientific conscience and scientific caution do not yield freely to the new exhilaration which method and subject alike invite. There are brave start-offs followed by mechanical lapses into the routine of the report, with perhaps occasional breaks to the surface for a breath of the higher atmosphere; there are pages that read like a jaunty elaboration of the field-worker's notes; and there are episodes in which it is easier to see the observer than his Indian subject. The appended notes and bibliographies, too, although no one can wish them omitted, give anything but the air of imaginative ease. One could grandly dismiss the book as neither fish nor fowl, but it is only wise to remember that there are diving birds and aviating fishes and that both add hugely to the interest of the world's fauna. We are dealing with a genus which professes a mixed habit and which must be judged in its own form.

The form is actuated by the desire of portraying both the outward dress and the inward intention of Indian life. The authors are well aware that whereas in the run of the sciences no more is required than a survey of procedures, the science of man is intelligible only when it goes back of the what to the why: its reasons must be human motives and purposes, its explanations chapters in psychology. What the Indian does an observer may note; but the mood and feeling, attitude and reflections which give rise to the observed conduct can be discovered only through an insight and sympathy—an imagination—which, because its *données* are undemonstrable by apparatus, we are accustomed to call fictive and poetic. "American Indian Life" gamely, and in its degree splendidly, goes to the heart of the anthropologist's problem, striving to see whole and steadily its phase of our universal human lot.

Both the successes and failures of the book follow from the nature of its attempt. Twenty-seven stories from nearly as many tribes, culturally distinct, cannot give any simple or strong impression; if a portrait were to be drawn from the whole it would be of a composite and falsified Indian. On the other hand, the emphasis which the variety gives to the actual complexity of Indian types ought to be, and no doubt is intended to be, a corrective of the vaguely composite and highly falsified figure of the Red Man which stands in the public eye. Moreover, there is not one of the twenty-seven stories that can profitably be skipped; they will be read with a widely varying zest, but in each is some element of living experience which will glow with its own color in the full impression. Breadth compensates for intensity in the comparative method—and, after all, breadth of view is the more valuable quality, even in fiction, where the figures move in the realm of the unfamiliar.

Coming to particulars, it is certainly with sound judgment that the editor has given to Robert H. Lowie four of the twenty-seven stories. Windigo, a Chipewyan Story, comes nearer to giving the convincing portrait of a human being than does any other tale in the collection, while A Trial of Shamans is an admirable short story, excellent with humor. Probably the palm

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for confluence of subject matter and space should be awarded to Waterman's deliciously satirical All Is Trouble Along the Klamath—which to the leatheriest of us will bring the Indian home as a fellow human being. But the great majority of the narratives, according to accepted standards, are not short stories at all. Most of them are without plot, and many are without central incident. Possibly due to an editorial suggestion, they take the form of abridged biographies, with the inevitable consequence that subject matter crowds out that sense of reality which only intimate detail can give; we pass in review a series of social studies, fleetingly illumined; there is no pause for the clear regard that can convert the phantom of sense into the living man. Three of the stories, dealing with ancient Mexican and Maya civilization, form a group apart. Here the events fall far in the past, where imagination is enhanced by historic sense. But here again there is overweight of material. Both Mr. Spinden's Understudy of Tezcatlipoca (an unfortunate title) and Mr. Tozzer's Toltec Architect of Chichen Itza give capital scenarios for historical romances; but they give no more. In Morley's How Holon Chan Became the True Man of His People we have a beautifully composed first chapter of an historical romance. Morley, in his archaeological work, has shown a scientific imagination akin to genius; this fragment indicates that that imagination could be engagingly turned into the field of historical fiction.

Judged as a whole the book produces much the impression which Mr. Spinden bespeaks for his own contribution: "This story is a mirage of thin words and bodyless phrases. It paints on a film of mist things that are long ago and far away, and lifts up a pale reflection of cities and grandeurs lying below the horizon of our times, never to be resurrected in fact. It presents in a vaguely understandable fashion strange beliefs and philosophies that a wonderful society of human beings created out of their common thought and supposed necessities." As the reader passes from story to story, faces and scenes dimly glassed float by; occasionally one more touched with light than the others seems about to break to the surface, but the irruption into reality never really occurs. To no small extent this is due to the nature of romance itself. Seeking its subjects in what is remote in time or culture, it labors illusorily with illusion, seldom attaining that forthright grip on heart and intellect which can lift a man out of himself and make him oblivious of time and perspective. But one would not lose historical or ethnic romance for all that; it is no mean part of the richness of life that we are enabled, if but in fantasy, to catch glimpses of what lies over the narrow margins of our own circumscribed days. Mirage is precious to the wayfarer.

A word is due to C. Grant La Farge's illustrations of the volume, many of them in polychrome. Like the stories they are authenticated as to detail, and they afford in themselves an interesting commentary upon the variety of types of decorative art which the American Indian has developed. Like the stories, too, they fail of the final touch of reality which can come only from a thorough imaginative acclimatization. One gets the impression of an instructive set of museum exhibits, capital in their kind, but in no sense imbued with life.

From all of our considerations emerges a central problem. The final value of anthropological, and indeed of all, science is some new familiarization of our lives with the nature that mothers them. This can be achieved only at the level where the critical intelligence is replaced by the imaginative, where science passes over into art; and any science which fails to fecundate the imaginative and artistic life of a people will in the end be esteemed but as dry, mortuarial bones. For a period men will follow eagerly the scientific scent, content to bay their chase; but there comes a moment when prey is taken and the trophy must be appraised. The anthropologists have reached that moment, and "American Indian Life" is a chapter in the appraisal. That it succeeds, even partially, in giving us a new conception of the Indian, to replace the stock figures of the past, is a very positive virtue, justifying all that the editor asks for the book in her entirely modest preface. In the sixteenth-seventeenth century period the American aboriginal was regarded as an abhorrent cannibal, a natural slave, a man degraded, excluded by Providence from the light of the Gospel; and a papal bull was necessary to proclaim him human. In the eighteenth century this same Indian was an idyllic child of nature, poet and philosopher, hued with a melancholy but high-minded chivalry, as we see him still in Cooper. The pragmatic nineteenth dealt with him as a natural nuisance or a showy curiosity, a being to be zealously cleaned of his paint and feathers by the missionary and the government teacher or to be sedulously photographed in them by the ethnologist. Anew in the twentieth century a halo of imagination is touching the Red Man as we behold him being helplessly elbowed into the past, and this time it is the anthropologist who is the romance-maker. To him have come shreds of a new understanding of an alien temper of life, which yet need not remain wholly alien to our own lives if we will but make the effort to incorporate imaginatively those elements of beauty which the Indian so variously realized. There is a noble heritage in the Red Man's lore, nor can we ever attain to a truly American life until we have innerly illumined it with the autochthonous splendors of American Indian life.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

William De Morgan

William De Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. Stirling. Henry Holt and Company. $6.

DE MORGAN'S father was the brilliant mathematician Augustus De Morgan; his mother was Sophia Frend, a woman of remarkable character, keen intellect, and unusual culture. To young William the vision of art was most attractive and alluring. At the age of twenty he entered the Academy schools, despite the skeptical warnings of his wise father. For forty-odd years his life was one long devotion to art, and the tale of it, as told in the pages of this book, is one of curious chances against which the accomplished craftsman struggled in vain to achieve the success his genius merited. Freed of the Academy, he chose to be a potter, a maker of vases and tiles. He began to do business in a house in Cheyne Row, in the back-garden of which he built his first kiln. Here he labored night and day, personally supervising the burning of each piece. He made beautiful designs in lovely colors and reproduced them on the clay to appear as if they had been painted by hand. He reinvented the famous Gubbio luster, he surpassed the beauty of the rare Persian tiles, he gathered around him a band of workmen who caught his inspiration and put their best into their work, and he became England's master ceramic artist. But he made no money. His Chelsea kiln was burned to the ground. He removed to Merton, and started a new factory, producing even more beautiful work. Burne-Jones and William Morris helped and encouraged him, the former with designs and his loving friendship, the latter with orders from his firm, Morris Faulkner & Co. But still he made no money. The artist was too sincere for the business man, and the man was too naive for business.

Then De Morgan married Evelyn Pickering, who was, in G. F. Watts's opinion, "the first woman artist of the day—if not of all time." There were now two artists treading the thorny way. They made their home in the Chelsea Vale, in a quaint, rambling house, where one drew wonderful designs for pottery and the other painted as wonderful pictures. Here they spent many happy years. The pottery works were removed from Merton to Fulham, and all De Morgan's money and his wife's money also was fed into them to keep them going. Then De Morgan became ill, suffering from pains in the back. The doctors diagnosed his case as tuberculosis of the spine. It was not expected he would live long, certainly not in the climate of England. He and his wife left their home and went to live in Florence. The pottery was placed in charge of a partner,

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De Morgan supplying the designs, which he sent from Italy. He even established a branch plant in Florence. But it was all to no purpose. The business failed, and in the end it had to be given up entirely, with heart-breaking sorrow to its founder who had given a lifetime to it. "All my life," he said to a friend, "I have been trying to make beautiful things, and now that I can make them nobody wants them."

Then followed many empty days, until a small incident occurred which changed entirely the current of De Morgan's life. Here is the account as given by Mrs. Stirling: "Some time before in 1901, during a spare hour, he had written two chapters of a novel 'just to see what I could do,' he explained subsequently; 'I always loved grubby little boys, and I thought I should like to write a story of a grubby little boy. I began and got interested in him. But when I read over what I had written, I was so little impressed by the result that I nearly burnt it; in any case I put it away in a drawer and forgot all about it. Late in the year, when we were going out to Florence, it accidentally came with us among a great mass of business papers.' Turning out these papers some time afterwards he tossed the despised manuscript with a heap of rubbish into the wastepaper basket, where by chance his wife saw it, and glanced casually at it before consigning it to the flames. The story, with its graphic, sordid realism, at once gripped her attention; she set it carefully aside and awaited her opportunity. Shortly afterwards De Morgan was ill in bed, suffering ostensibly from influenza, but principally from the unwonted idleness which filled him with depression and sapped his vitality. Evelyn took the piece of manuscript to him and laid it by his bedside, with a pencil temptingly adjacent. 'I think something might be made of this,' she said briefly. When she looked in softly half an hour later he had started on the occupation which he was never again to abandon, and was writing rapidly. By and by she discovered that, somewhat characteristically, when she provided him with the pencil she had omitted to supply any paper. As a result he had written the continuation of 'Joseph Vance' in the washing book which happened to be handy, and when that was full, unable to arrest the rapidity of his flying pencil, he had covered the backs of advertisements, torn envelopes, and scraps of paper which were within his reach with the continuation of the story, so that afterwards it was with difficulty that she pieced the disjointed fragments together into a consecutive whole."

Thus, at an age when most men are retiring from the business of life, De Morgan entered on a new career—that of a teller of tales. "Joseph Vance" fared ill on its first journey, and was put away after it had been rejected in somewhat scathing terms. Eventually it was published and was received everywhere with enthusiasm. A new Dickens had arisen in England.

It is a strange and even moving tale, with an old-world flavor of romance about both hero and heroine. Evelyn De Morgan had no illusions about herself. She realized early the bent of her genius and followed it faithfully and unswervingly, fulfilling herself as painter and wife with the courage of a rare spirit. With her husband it was otherwise. He followed what he called "the unhappy fancy for the Fine Arts." "I paid no heed," he added, "to the wisest and best man I have ever known—my father, of course—and went my own headstrong way. . . . I went my own way, and wasted an odd forty or fifty years." And during all these years what he was searching for lay buried within himself. "If you work hard, Willy," his father had said to him, "you will live to write something worth reading." Well, he finally did write something worth reading, and who shall say that the so-called wasted years of the potter's life counted for nothing in the work of the writer? For De Morgan the writer is not a man of letters in the sense that De Morgan the potter is a ceramic artist. The latter is a cultivated plant, the former is a wild flower. De Morgan's writing is no more literature than a sunset is art. It is not a subject for the critical judgment; it is an experience to be enjoyed. It was as natural for him to tell a story as it was for him to breathe, with not a shadow of self-consciousness. Once the native springs within him were unbound, the waters flowed on uninterruptedly, flecked with the sunlight of humor, in cool, crystal purity for us to drink from and be refreshed with. Self-consciousness did come to him from the reaction of the fame which his success brought him, and the work he did in that state may be neither enjoyed nor criticized. Happily, De Morgan was of so sincere and honest a nature that the world's applause could not affect him to his own betrayal. His sense of humor brought him back to his true self, and the young man in the old man continued to have his way to the end.

TEMPLE SCOTT

Can the Catholic Church Be Liberal?

The State and the Church. By John A. Ryan and Moorhouse F. X. Millar. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE preface begins: "This work endeavors to set forth the teaching of the Catholic church concerning the state." It bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York and is most scrupulous in buttressing its positions from the highest authorities. Nevertheless it is not so much a work of pure learning as, in a perfectly proper sense, a piece of propaganda—one of the Social Action Series of the National Catholic Welfare Council—intended to show how liberal one can be in social and political theory and still be a Catholic. The authors make a good showing for the political liberalism to be derived from Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Bellarmine, and other theologians. They quite successfully demolish the notion that Catholicism would make a world emperor out of the Pope, or that it is necessarily opposed to political democracy. Indeed they do more; they make the reflective non-Catholic rejoice that the church may be the powerful ally of the individual and of exploited groups against the absurdities of the modern religion of the state.

Despite these virtues, the non-Catholic can hardly see in this book any contribution to the theory of the state or an adequate answer to some of his questions. The dialectic is shrewd, the conclusions in the main sound, but the premises are in doubt. Every Catholic theory must begin with the absolute sovereignty of God from which the sovereignty of both church and state, each in its appropriate sphere, is derived. The state may exist for the individual rather than the individual for the state; civil sovereignty may be "through the natural law directly received from Almighty God by the people, and thence intrusted to the rulers of the state by constitutional consent"; but nevertheless in Catholic theory sovereignty remains possessed of a certain metaphysical character. The state is not one form of human association among others, but one with a peculiar validity. It is precisely this exalted conception of sovereignty with a metaphysical sanction that needs inquiry. There is a growing notion that the state as we know it is the convenient creature of a dominant economic class rather than a "power ordained of God." On this and other fundamental questions with regard to the nature of the state our authors preserve a discreet silence.

A second difficulty in accepting Catholic leadership in democratic progress rises from the nature and history of the church. It is hard to believe that a church so rigidly authoritarian in its own organization and dogma can ever be in the van of democratic progress. The hierarchy may well fear that a democratic society might begin to want a little more democracy in the church. Historically the church has been clever enough in adapting itself to any form of government. It can always moralize and rationalize an existing situation. But—however liberal the teaching of some of the schoolmen may sound—the church officially has never thrown its great weight on the side of social or political democracy from the days of John Ball to the days of the Russian Revolution. Such very modern move-

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ments as the liberal Catholic party in Italy may seem an exception to this generalization. But one may be pardoned for doubting if Suarez or Bellarmine prepared the way for Don Sturzo's liberal party as truly as those Italian liberals and anti-clericals, Mazzini and Garibaldi, and that German social revolutionist, Karl Marx. In other words external pressure rather than a profound Christian impulse derived from within is responsible for the strength of ecclesiastical liberalism, both Catholic and Protestant.

There are, moreover, in church doctrine some dogmas which even the authors of this book are a bit put to it to explain. Pope Leo XIII, for instance, in his encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States, declared that the state must not only have care for religion but recognize the true religion. Father Ryan comments: "The state should officially recognize the Catholic religion as the religion of the commonwealth; accordingly it should invite the blessing and the ceremonial participation of the church for certain important public functions, as the opening of legislative sessions, the erection of public buildings, etc., and delegate its officials to attend certain of the more important festival celebrations of the church; it should recognize and sanction the laws of the church; and it should protect the rights of the church, and the religious as well as the other rights of the church's members." The Catholic state, our authors assure us, will not try to coerce heretics or unbelievers into belief and would probably tolerate heretical forms of worship if "carried on in the family or in such inconspicuous manner as to be an occasion neither of scandal nor of perversion to the faithful." It will not permit the propaganda of false doctrine—"the actions of preaching and writing are at once capable of becoming quite as injurious to the community as any other actions and quite as subject to rational restraint." Now all this is from a Catholic standpoint quite logical and from a non-Catholic standpoint quite intolerable. Father Ryan hastens to allay our fears. "In practice, however, the foregoing propositions have full application only to completely Catholic states"—of which it appears none exists or is likely to exist within a time near enough at hand to warrant fear! Therefore there should be complete religious liberty for two reasons: "First, rational expediency, inasmuch as the attempt to prescribe or hamper the peaceful activities of established religious groups would be productive of more harm than good; second, the positive provisions of religious liberty found in the constitutions of most modern states." All of which gives the reviewer a sense of profound gratitude to the reformers who broke the monopoly of the Catholic church and to the constitution-makers who embodied principles of toleration in their documents.

One other matter deserves notice. Father Ryan pretty well establishes the doctrine that "the church has no authority direct or indirect or of any other sort or description over the acts of the state so long as these are not in conflict with religion or morality." Well and good, but Father Ryan himself is honorably known to us by his effort to extend in the social sphere the conception of what is moral. In proportion as he succeeds, the indirect authority of the Catholic or any other church that deals with social morals must increase, even at the risk of conflict with the state. For instance this book contains an eloquent address of Archbishop Ireland's on Catholicism and Americanism. In it he tells how at Gettysburg the Catholic chaplain of the Irish brigade leaped to the top of a boulder and shouted: "'The Catholic church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back to the foe or deserts his flag,' adding that he is ready to impart sacramental absolution to those who in their hearts make a sincere act of sorrow for sin. . . . Somehow Catholicism and Americanism commingle graciously their intertwinings when the honor of the Star-Spangled Banner is in peril." Yes, but what if the Catholic or any other great church should go back to the position of the Christians of the first two centuries and of the modern Quakers and say "war is wrong"? Would any doctrine of a separation of church and state prevent a clash? Would not such a clash on a matter of righteousness redound to the honor of the church? A formal doctrine of the relative spheres of church and state has its uses; it will prevent the churches from undertaking to become agents of political administration. Former generations have pretty well fortified us against that danger. The great religious problem for this generation is not the separation of church and state but the unification of ethical aspirations with social practices. The chief value therefore of this book is less its formal solution of a perplexing problem than its evidence of the vitality of a liberal party in an ancient and powerful church.

NORMAN THOMAS

Tales of a Mystic

The House of Souls. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Secret Glory. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Terror. By Arthur Machen. London: Duckworth and Company. 2s.

ARTHUR MACHEN expressed once the opinion that Poe had been influenced by Baudelaire. From this one may judge that he has no great familiarity with the history of modern literature and hence he has perhaps never heard the remark which Henry James made apropos of "Les Fleurs du Mal." The disappointment of the reader of that work, said James, was exactly the same as the disappointment which he would feel if, having been promised the Flowers of Good, he was presented with a lollipop; and whether or not Mr. Machen has ever heard of this remark it would interest him profoundly, for his own concern is exclusively with transcendental Sin and transcendental Virtue—not with particular sins or particular virtues which, as James realized, have a way of turning out to be disappointingly petty, but with Good and Evil themselves, considered as the only mystic realities. Not even the Unforgivable Sin of Hawthorne's lime-burner would satisfy Machen, I suspect, for that sin was pretty definitely an anti-social sin, and Machen has a mystic's contempt for any attempt to interpret evil in human or humanitarian terms; what he seeks is something like that dark blasphemy which for the medieval mind was embodied in the Black Mass. "I have no doubt," says one of his characters, "but that many of the very highest among the saints have never done a 'good action' (using the words in their ordinary sense). And, on the other hand, there have been those who have sounded the very depths of sin, who all their lives have never done an 'ill deed.' . . . We think that a man who does evil to *us* and to his neighbors must be very evil. So he is, from a social standpoint; but can't you realize that Evil in its essence is a lonely thing, a passion of the solitary, individual soul?"

The horror which he would present is the horror of that unseen world which, for the mystic, surrounds the little spot of seeming light and seeming reality in which we dwell; it is the dissolving of the solid wall of actuality and the direct presence of the ultimate mystery; something so profoundly unnatural that, as one of the characters says, its evil affects one as a mathematician would be affected if he were brought suddenly face to face with a two-sided triangle—there is nothing left to do but to go mad. All his villains are Fausts, taking supernal knowledge by storm; all his heroes Blakes, gazing mildly at the tree full of angels and harkening to the chant of the morning sun.

"The Terror," though interesting in theme, is very markedly inferior to the other books in manner, for they reveal the fact that Mr. Machen is gifted with a very remarkable style, rich and colorful but always simple and clear. Yet though he is unmistakably an artist he has never enjoyed anything like popularity—except once when the unusual conditions at the time of the war gave a factitious interest to his tale, The Bowmen—his best work having been done in the nineties and

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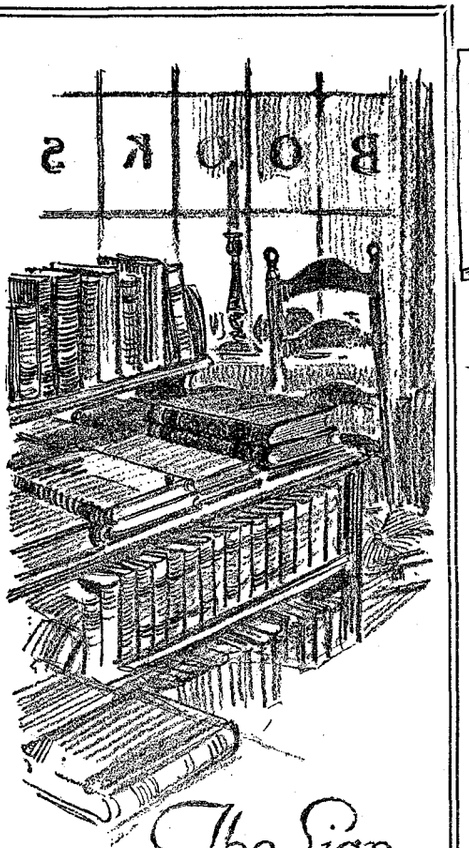

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he being as he has said "a past-master in the Lodge of Disappointment." Now, however, John Masefield, James Branch Cabell, and Carl Van Vechten are crying him from the housetops and Mr. Knopf is reprinting some of his works. Withal they are making something of a mystery out of his failure to win popularity, but actually there is no mystery at all, for by no possibility could the peculiar temperament which not merely underlies but is the very texture of his work win any wide acceptance. He belongs to the always small company of genuine mystics, and though his creed is superficially similar to that of Chesterton and Belloc he uses his position not primarily as a vantage point from which to shoot paradoxes but as a world into which to retire. He has only one theme, the Mystic Vision, and only one plot, the Rending of the Veil. In The Great God Pan, one of the stories of "The House of Souls," he does the Faust side of the theme so well that it renders the other stories of the volume unnecessary, and in "The Secret Glory" he does the other side even better; but beautifully as they are done they remain a thing of fairly limited appeal—stories by a mystic and for mystics.

It is all very well to urge readers to judge a work purely from the standpoint of "form" and execution, but such complete catholicity of taste is a critical fiction. One may admire a work as much as one likes, but one will not get from it its full emotional content unless one can share to some extent its spirit. Both "The Secret Glory" and the story previously mentioned are so exceedingly well done that they are, in a limited sense, books for everybody, books that will to a certain extent hold even the most skeptical imaginations captive; yet to a skeptical reader they must remain merely curious and he will not actually take them home to his bosom. To feel the full force which Machen's work will have for some temperaments there is necessary something more than a mere "temporary suspension of unbelief," something more than a mere poetic faith in the unseen world which he describes. A skeptic can get from Poe all that he put into his world of horror because to Poe himself that world was only a poetic world, but one cannot get from Catherine of Siena her emotion in its entirety unless one shares her faith. Aesthetes may claim to get from her and from Machen as they claim to get from the mass a purely aesthetic pleasure, but they are deluding themselves if they think that they are sharing the emotions of the faithful. When Machen rends the veil one temperament will see beyond into the terror and beauty of the unknown world, while to another temperament the gesture, however interesting and dramatic it may seem, must remain, like the elevation of the Host itself, merely the waving of a magic wand which raises no real wonders, the calling from the vasty deep of spirits which do not come.

J. W. KRUTCH

The Fall Book Number of *The Nation* will appear October 11th. Special orders for study clubs and literature classes should be placed in advance.

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International Relations Section

Toward Philippine Freedom

1. The Plea of the Filipinos

THE Philippine Parliamentary Mission during its recent visit to the United States made public an exhaustive report on conditions in the islands which was printed in the *Congressional Record*. In addition, the leader of the mission, Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, submitted to President Harding an appeal, which we print below, for complete and immediate independence. It is in effect an answer to the Wood-Forbes report on the Philippines printed in the International Relations Section for January 11.

Mr. President:

With the deepest sense of loyalty and confidence in the American people, the Philippine Legislature decided to send the present Parliamentary Mission to the United States. The Mission brings a message of good-will and friendship from the Filipino people to the people of the United States, and is charged to resume the negotiations for the independence of the Philippines begun by the first Mission sent in 1919.

The people of the Philippines yearn to see the fulfilment of their aspirations for national existence. This desire, always strong, has grown with every year.

While the Great War was on, they desisted from active agitation for independence, not because it had become less dear to them, but because they felt the broad issues of freedom and democracy for the world depended upon the outcome of that war, and because their loyalty and affection to the United States bade them lay aside for the moment their own cause for the sake of that which embraced all mankind.

Realizing that the war ideals of America were their own, that the struggle for democracy and the rights of smaller peoples was also their own struggle, they placed all the resources of the islands at the disposal of the United States and offered their sons for the battlefields of Europe. As expressed by the then highest American representative in the Philippines, "Every sentiment, every impulse, every hope of the Filipinos was enlisted in the cause of the United States."

With the ending of the war the Filipino people felt that the principle for which they had contended had triumphed with the triumph of the Allies and the Associated Powers. With hopes renewed and faith strengthened, they resumed the work for their own cause. Hence, on March 8, 1919, the Philippine Legislature approved what was officially known as the "Declaration of Purposes," which remains today an official authoritative pronouncement of the people on what should be their attitude toward, and relations with, the United States.

The Philippine Legislature declared that the "stable government" required in the preamble of the Jones Law as the only prerequisite to independence had already been established in the Philippines; hence "a full and final exchange of views between the United States of America and the Philippine Islands" was deemed necessary. The time had come for the fulfilment of the American pledge. The First Philippine Mission was asked to "convey to the Government of the United States the frankest assurances of the good-will, friendship, and gratitude of the Filipino people and to submit with as much respect as confidence the question of Philippine Independence with a view to its final settlement."

President Wilson's Recommendation

When the First Mission reached the United States, however, it found the American people and Government still absorbed in their international problems. The President was in Europe negotiating the Treaty of Versailles; but, realizing that the fulfilment of the American obligations toward the Philippines could not be delayed any longer, he requested the Secretary of War to receive the Mission in his behalf and expressed the belief that the end was almost in sight of the work undertaken in the islands by Americans and Filipinos.

Soon thereafter, when the American people and Government had been relieved of many of their pressing international burdens and distractions, the petition of the Philippine Legislature, through the Philippine Mission, received the favorable indorsement of the administration in Washington. President Wilson, in his message to Congress on December 2, 1920, officially recognized the fulfilment of the only condition required of the Philippines as a prerequisite to a separate national existence—a stable government—and formally recommended the immediate granting of independence. He said: "Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the people of the Philippine Islands have succeeded in maintaining a stable government since the last action of the Congress in their behalf, and thus have fulfilled the condition set by the Congress as precedent to a consideration of granting independence to the islands. I respectfully submit that this condition precedent having been fulfilled, it is now our liberty and our duty to keep our promise to the people of those islands by granting them the independence which they so honorably covet."

This recommendation was made after the highest representative of America in the Philippines, the Governor-General, had officially certified both to Congress and to the President of the United States that a stable government had already been established in the islands.

It is a fact, therefore, that immediately prior to the coming into power of the present administration, the Philippine question was on the eve of solution. The solemn covenant, as the author of the Jones Law had called it, between the American and the Filipino peoples was about to be fulfilled. The Philippine Legislature had declared that there was a stable government in the Philippines, and the highest magistrate of the United States and the American representative in the Philippines concurred in the view.

We beg to submit that the fifteen months that have elapsed since the new administration assumed office have not altered the situation. The same stable government exists. Contrary to what some may aver, the phrase, "a stable government," does not convey a vague and indefinite condition. It has a specific and well-established meaning. The international relations of the United States for the last century and a half, especially her dealings with the South American countries, bear this statement out.

President McKinley, in addressing the Cuban people, defined a stable government as one "capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own." It must be remembered that the term "stable government" in the Jones Law had been adopted directly from the American promises to the Cuban people. It cannot, therefore, but have the same meaning. It is worth noting that recently a similar interpretation has been given to that phrase by the League of Nations.

No American official, whether of the past or the present administration, has denied the statement of the Philippine Legislature, the certificate of the Governor-General, and the finding of the President of the United States to the effect that we have established the "stable government" required by the Jones Law, in accordance with the interpretation the universal usage has assigned to these words. Even the report of the Wood-Forbes Mission, which is unwarrantably severe and critical, does not deny this assertion.

There are apparently in President McKinley's estimate two main elements in a stable government: First, ability to maintain order and insure peace and tranquillity and the security of

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citizens, and, second, ability to observe international obligations. To those two elements, Mr. Root, in his instructions for the Cuban people, added the following: It must rest upon the peaceful suffrages of the people and must contain constitutional limitations to protect the people from the arbitrary actions of the Government. All these elements are to be found in the Philippines today!

It is admitted by the Wood-Forbes Mission that order has been properly maintained and that our insular police or constabulary "has proved itself to be dependable and thoroughly efficient" (p. 23 of the report). The tranquillity and security of the citizens are not jeopardized. "They are naturally an orderly people" (p. 19), said the report.

As to obligations for international life, the Wood-Forbes Mission recognizes that there are people in our service that would do credit to any government. "We find that the legislative chambers are conducted with dignity and decorum and are composed of representative men" (p. 45), observed the Wood-Forbes report.

The Filipino people are by nature and tradition hospitable and courteous to foreigners. There has been no anti-foreign agitation or outbreak. The business of foreigners has been amply protected and will continue to be so protected under an independent Philippines. During the short-lived Philippine Republic, prisoners of war were treated according to the law of nations, and there was security for foreigners.

Orderly Elections

The insular, provincial, and municipal governments of the Philippines rest on the free and peaceful suffrage of the people. The people elect members of the insular legislature, provincial governors, members of the provincial boards, municipal presidents and members of the municipal councils. Speaking of the elections of 1916, the report said: "Interest in the elections was widespread and election day passed without any serious disturbances. There was a general, quiet acceptance by the minority of the results of the popular vote . . ." (p. 42). The elections held a few days ago, though vigorously contested, have again demonstrated the capacity of the Filipino people for the orderly exercise of popular franchise.

The structure and workings of our government also conform to the standard defined by Mr. Root, in that it is "subject to the limitations and safeguards which the experience of a constitutional government has shown to be necessary to the preservation of individual rights." The Filipino people fought for such constitutional safeguards during the Spanish régime. A modern bill of rights was inserted in the Constitution of the Philippine Republic. Our present constitutional limitations and safeguards have been in operation since 1900, when President McKinley, in his instructions to the second Philippine Commission, set down as inviolable rules the fundamental provisions of the American Bill of Rights. These provisions, with slight modification, were later included in the Organic Act of 1902, and again set forth in the Jones Law of 1916. For more than twenty years, therefore, the Philippine Government has been subject to constitutional practices. They are imbedded in the political life of the people, and, no matter what political change may occur in the Philippines, they will find no material alteration. An impartial judiciary is there to enforce them.

"The Supreme Court," said the Wood-Forbes report, "has the respect and confidence of the Filipino people" (p. 24). The courts of first instance, mostly presided over by Filipinos ever since 1914, have maintained a standard which, in general, compares favorably with the State courts of the Union. From August 31, 1911, to September 1, 1913, during the last two years of Governor Forbes's administration, only 25.1 per cent of the decisions appealed from these courts were reversed by the Supreme Court. From March 3, 1919, to March 4, 1921, another period of two years with Filipinos in control, the percentage of reversals was decreased to 20.8 per cent. The number of cases disposed of by the courts of first instance for the eight years (1906 to 1913, inclusive) was as much as 82,528. The total number of cases disposed of for the same length of time, with Filipinos in greater control (1914 to 1921, inclusive), was 117,357, or an increase of 34,829, or 42 per cent.

General Progress

Philippine autonomy has also increased the agencies of social and political progress, such as schools, roads, public buildings, hospitals, etc. In 1913, when the Filipino people had even less share in the government than they have now, there were enrolled in the public schools 440,050 pupils; in 1921 there were nearly a million (943,422). In 1913 there were only 2,934 public schools; in 1920 there were 5,944. In 1913 there were 2,171 kilometers of first-class roads in operation; in 1921 the figure was 4,698.8, in addition to about 5,000 kilometers of second-class roads. In 1913 there were no dispensaries where the poor could be given medical treatment; in 1921 there were over 800. In 1913 the appropriation for medical aid to the poor was P1,548,317.25; in 1921 the sum was P3,153,828.

Social and economic progress has also been tremendous during this period. In 1913 there were hardly a dozen women's clubs, in 1921 there were 342 in active work. In 1913 the volume of Philippine commerce was only P202,171,484; in 1920 it swelled to P601,124,276. The cultivated area in 1913 was 2,361,483 hectares, as compared with 3,276,942 hectares in 1920, or 38.7 per cent increase. The present conditions in the Philippines, even as alleged in the Wood-Forbes report, compare favorably with those existing in many nations whose right to national sovereignty is not open to the least question.

These are incontrovertible facts which no impartial witness can deny.

Complete Independence Desired

The present Parliamentary Mission in which all political parties of the Philippine Islands are represented—the two wings of the Nationalist Party on the one hand and the Democratic Party on the other—has been sent by the Philippine Legislature to ask for immediate, complete, and absolute independence of the Philippines. This desire is not born of ingratitude toward the United States, nor does it show lack of appreciation of the risks and dangers of international life. It is the logical outcome of more than twenty years of patient labors jointly undertaken by the Americans and Filipinos. The Filipino people firmly believe that the time has come when this question should be settled once for all. Further delay in the fulfilment of America's pledge contained in the Jones Law will only result in injury to the best interests of both peoples.

Three years ago the impression of the members of the first Philippine Mission was that the main objection in the minds of many Americans to the immediate independence of the Philippines was the danger of foreign aggression. While this is entirely outside of the question as to whether we have complied with the requirements of the Jones Law, it may not be amiss to call the attention of those Americans to the great change in international affairs which has taken place since the visit of the last Mission.

Wholesome relationship has especially been established in the Pacific area. The recent Washington Conference has cleared away many doubts and misgivings.

Surely, after that conference has been hailed the world over as a solid foundation for international peace, the United States cannot, without showing lack of faith in her own work, now say that she will not grant independence to the Philippines for fear of foreign hostile designs.

In the words of the President of the United States, that conference was called "to provide some means whereby just, thoughtful, righteous peoples, who are not seeking to seize something which does not belong to them, can live peaceably together and eliminate cause of conflict." While the Filipino people realize that the international situation is not a necessary part of the condition prescribed in the Jones Law as a prerequisite to in-

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dependence, they crave the distinction of becoming the first nation to take advantage of the new order of things brought about by the Washington Conference.

Ireland, Egypt, and India

To the favorable international atmosphere may be added the fact that the first of colonial Powers is already reversing her former policies. She has granted recognition of freedom and equality to peoples hitherto held as subjects and vassals. Egypt has regained her independence. The Irish people have been asked to enter into an agreement with England looking to the establishment of a free state. Liberal institutions are now being established in India.

We see in all these events the gradual triumph of American ideals, especially of that fundamental American principle that declared that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Hence we come to America in the full expectation that the United States can do no less than other nations have done to their dependencies; that she cannot now refrain from practicing those principles which were initiated by her and followed by her sister nations; that she cannot now refuse specific realization of those purposes and ideals, which found eloquent expression in her spokesmen both in times of war and in times of peaceful reconstruction; and that she will make the Filipino people a determining factor in the relationship that should exist between the United States and the only unincorporated and subject country now under the American flag.

We, therefore, submit our case, with faith and confidence, frankly and without evasion. It is the case of the Filipino people whom in fact and in law we represent; for certainly under the present circumstances no other agency can speak or act with as much authority on what the Filipino people want or on Philippine conditions in general, as their duly accredited representatives. That is the very essence of representative government.

We reiterate that the present is the time for the United States completely to discharge its obligations to the Philippines. The Filipino people have fulfilled their part in the covenant with America. Their relations with the United States are of the most cordial and friendly nature. If the independence of the Philippines could now be secured as an amicable agreement between the two peoples, nay, even as an act of magnanimity on the part of a sovereign Power, how much would that mean for the peace of the world! How much more would that add to the prestige of the United States when she again appears before the world as a champion of democracy and human liberty!

Very respectfully,

Manuel L. Quezon, chairman on the part of the Senate

Pedro Guevara, Antero Soriano, Ceferino De Leon, Santiago Fonacier, Teodoro Sandiko, Teodoro M. Kalaw.

Sergio Osmena, chairman on the part of the House of Representatives

Jose G. Generoso, Guillermo F. Pablo, Celestino Gallares, Vicente Llanes, Juan Nolasco, Emilio P. Virata, Proceso Sebastian, Pedro Abad Santos, Jorge B. Vargas,

Secretary.

2. President Harding Replies

President Harding's reply was unsatisfactory to the Mission and to the Filipino people. Immediately after its publication a dispatch from Manila stated: "A public demonstration to voice protest and dissatisfaction of the Filipino people at the way President Harding evaded the issue in replying to the Second Philippine Mission at Washington will be held in Manila on arrival of the Mission from the United States." The President's reply follows:

Gentlemen of the Mission:

I heard with deep interest and have read with full deliberation the petition which you delivered to me through Mr. Quezon a few days ago. I must express my full and grateful appreciation of your utterances of loyalty and your confidence in the American people. I hope the travels of your Mission and your contacts with both official and private life have persuaded you that the people of the United States believe in that loyalty no less than you avow it. And I trust this mutuality of confidence and esteem will abide for all time, no matter what limitations of governments are attached to our relationship. The Philippine people and those of the United States ventured together upon a great experiment in human progress. Since you yourselves, in your petition, have so heartily and officially testified to its success, quite as we have been glad to believe, I am well persuaded that our intimate experience has established our cordial relations and our ties of friendship for all time to come.

No fixed intent, no thought of conquest, no individual or governmental design to exploit, no desire to colonize brought us together. It was the revolution of the fates, wherein our assault against oppression at our very doors carried our warfare to yours, far away, and your liberation attended.

No American statesman had preconceived expansion to the Orient, no American industrial or commercial interests were urging the planting of the flag and our responsibility in distant lands. The fortunes of war revealed us to one another, and held us as your sponsors before the world.

From the day that tranquillity and stability were established in the islands the question of the future of the Philippines has been a matter of political discussion in the United States, as well as in the islands, though from a differing viewpoint. Here in the States the early opposition was against so-called "militarism and imperialism." When the issue was made paramount, the American people gave sanction to the government policy inaugurated by President McKinley, continued by President Roosevelt, and supported by President Taft.

The question was not brought to the front in the general elections of 1912, but the party called to power under President Wilson had adhered to its opposition to the then existing Philippine policy. In its platform it condemned our friendly experiment as "an inexcusable blunder which has involved us in enormous expense and brought us weakness instead of strength." I refer to the declaration in order to have you better understand the later congressional action, which resulted in the organic act of 1916, known as the Jones Law.

It was my fortune to serve as a member of the Senate when this act was under consideration, and I recall distinctly the varying constructions of the preamble. The progress made toward self-government in that act is not to be challenged, and I think there is no American authority, in Congress or out, suggesting any backward course. The act is not under consideration. But, since you refer freely to the expressed or implied pledge in that preamble, and call to my attention the passing of a year and a quarter of this administration without a step toward the full bestowal of independence, I remind you that at the time of passage of the act the then senior Senator from Arkansas proposed an amendment which provided for immediate independence. He had been a witness to party declarations and had encountered the conflicting opinion. With fine frankness his amendment provided that "the President is hereby authorized and directed to withdraw and surrender all right of possession, supervision, jurisdiction, control, or sovereignty now existing and exercised by the United States in and over the territory and people of the Philippines, and he shall, on behalf of the United States, fully recognize the independence of the said Philippines as a separate and self-governing nation and acknowledge the authority and control over the same of the government instituted by the people thereof."

The moment was at hand for definite, decisive action and the resulting grant of complete and unconditional independence. Manifestly, the majority in Congress did not believe in Philippine

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readiness, because the amendment was rejected by the responsible majority, and no steps later were taken to hasten the grant of independence until the closing days of the same administration, when it was about to lay aside its responsibility.

Without desire to invite contention, I recall these things to your mind because independence has played a large part in the politics of your country and ours, and in the appraisal of our relationship it is well for your people to know something of our politics, even as we ought fully to know yours.

I can only commend the Philippine aspirations to independence and complete self-sovereignty. None in America would wish you to be without national aspirations. You would be unfitted for the solemn duties of self-government without them. It is fair to assume that our only difference of opinion relates to the time of independence. You crave it now, and I do not believe the time has arrived for the final decision.

Manifestly, so far as expression has been made, the majority of Philippine citizenship prefers severance and self-sovereignty. There are, however, many among you of differing opinion. There are petitions against independence. Our missions of investigation pay unstinted tribute to your progress, and commend your institutions. Nothing apart from our achievement at home is more pleasing to the United States than the splendid advancement of the Philippine people. Your progress is without parallel anywhere in the world. From a people who began with little freedom and none of the responsibility, in a little more than half of one generation you have progressed notably toward self-reliance and self-government. And you have done it in spite of that lack of independence concerning which you petition.

To the United States comes both gratification for your accomplishment and justification for this government's attitude, because you have made this record under our sponsorship, and in the very atmosphere of the highest freedom in the world. I know of no parallel relationship. We have given substantially everything we had to bestow, and have asked only mutuality and trust in return. We have extended your control in government, until little remains but the executive authority, without which we could not assume our responsibility. It is not possible for me as executive definitely to proclaim an American policy, for the decision must ever be that of Congress, but I would be less than candid and fair if I did not tell you we can assume no responsibility without that authority.

No other instance of bestowing or recognizing independent government offers comparison. There is no other instance comparable to our relationship. Our interests are mutual under existing conditions. There is no complaint of abridged freedom, no suggestion of oppression, no outcry against government by force. We do not tax for our benefit. On the contrary, we aid your treasury out of which you expend, at your own free will. In 1920 we collected in internal revenues in the United States the sum of more than three million pesos on Philippine products, and turned the money into your treasury. We exempt your bonds from taxation in the United States, and afford you a favoring market, and ask nothing in exchange. We open our markets to your products, as you open yours to us, in the mutuality of trade under one flag. We have spared you every burden of national defense, and the cost of diplomatic representation throughout the world, yet you have been secure in your peace, and your representations have been befittingly expressed. If we have been remiss, we do not know it. If mutuality has not been perfect, we choose to make it so.

I note in your appeal founded on changed conditions in the world. The world situation has, indeed, changed, with a higher augury of peace than we have ever known before. But we are only entering the new order. It is not yet fixed. Your international security is fixed under our present relationship, but you would be without guaranty if complete independence were proclaimed.

It will little avail to recite what seems to us to be the obvious advantages of association with the American community. These things do not appeal to those who are bent on the independent establishment. Moreover, accord and concord are essential to the furtherance of community relationship. Frankly, I had hoped, probably I express the hope of many of our people and likely some of yours, that somehow we might develop a relationship which assured to you complete self-control in your domestic affairs, and would enable you to rejoice with us in the economic and political advantages which are the rightful possessions of a great and righteous nation.

It would ill become me to question your belief in readiness for the full obligations you seek to assume. There is no such thought in my mind. But I am thinking of your larger responsibility. Fate cast our relationship, and we assumed a responsibility not only to all the Philippine people but to all the world as well. We have a high respect for your majority, but no less obligation to your minority, and we can not be unmindful of that world responsibility wherein your fortunes are involved in ours.

No government is or can be perfect, from the viewpoint of everyone. We know ours is not, after nearly a century and a half of experience, but it is not unseemly to assume that our experience is of great value. Long training and universal education are essential to the approach to perfection. We not only provide education, but we compel it. You have made most commendable progress in education. Perhaps the judgment of your people today will be confirmed by your better educated people on the morrow, but we ought to be very sure of a highly preponderant and very intelligent public sentiment before taking the step which cannot be retraced.

Your allusion to a reversal of policy on the part of the "first of colonial Powers" rather argues for delay than commends immediate action. More than a century of colonial relationship between Great Britain and her more notable colonies has been marked by training for government and the approach to the measure of autonomy which prevails today. In the main, the longer training has strengthened the cherishment of freedom under the larger relationship, and the great, free dominions seem more rejoiced in the membership of British peoples than would have been believable fifty or even twenty-five years ago. They reflect the colonial benefits of larger association under one flag.

I do not invite the inference that we are working to that relationship. We should not wish it unless it were equally your desire. Whether wisely or not, our disavowal of permanent retention was made in the very beginning, and a reversal of that attitude will come, if ever, only at your request.

The indefinite expression has ever been as to time of launching you into your own orbit in the world of nations. You have declared your own readiness. No American authority, except as responsibility was passing, ever has been sufficiently assured to give its stamp of approval.

Mindful of your aspirations, the Wood-Forbes Mission was sent to the Philippines, with instructions to investigate conditions, appraise your progress, and make report. The personnel was chosen with the view to have the appraisal made by outstanding and able men, who had been familiar with your earlier stages of self-administration.

This mission reported many manifestations of progress, many things achieved which must have strongly appealed to Philippine pride. I can assure you they enhanced the pride of America in her helpful relationship. It was the recital of a splendid showing in material, intellectual, political, and moral progress. It gave proof that no deprivation had hindered your advancement, that no essential freedom of citizenship, which we claimed for ourselves, was not possessed by every citizen of the islands. Only national responsibility is lacking, for which there are ample compensations.

Frankly, then, with every mindfulness for your aspirations, with shared pride in your achievements, with gratitude for your loyalty, with reiterated assurance that we mean to hold no people under the flag who do not rejoice in that relationship, I must say to you that the time is not yet for independence. I can imagine a continued progress which will make our bonds either easy to sever or rivet them more firmly because you will

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it to be so. We must wait that development. The new order in the world, made secure, with conquest outlawed, and with peace made the covenant of all civilized peoples, may speed the day when you neither need us nor wish our intimate relationship. At this time it is not for me to suggest the day, distant or near. Meanwhile, I can only renew the proven assurances of our good intentions, our desire to be helpful without exacting from your private or public purse, or restricting the freedom under which men and peoples aspire and achieve. No backward step is contemplated, no diminution of your domestic control is to be sought. Our relation to your domestic affairs is that of an unselfish devotion which is born of our fate in opening to you the way of liberty of which you dreamed. Our sponsorship in international affairs is reflected in the common flag which is unfurled for you as it is for us, and security is your seal of American relationship.

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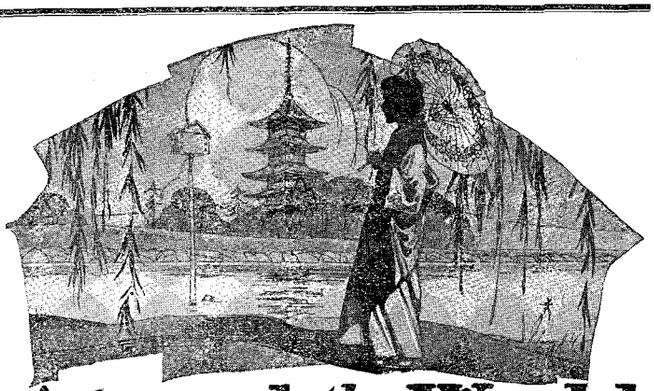

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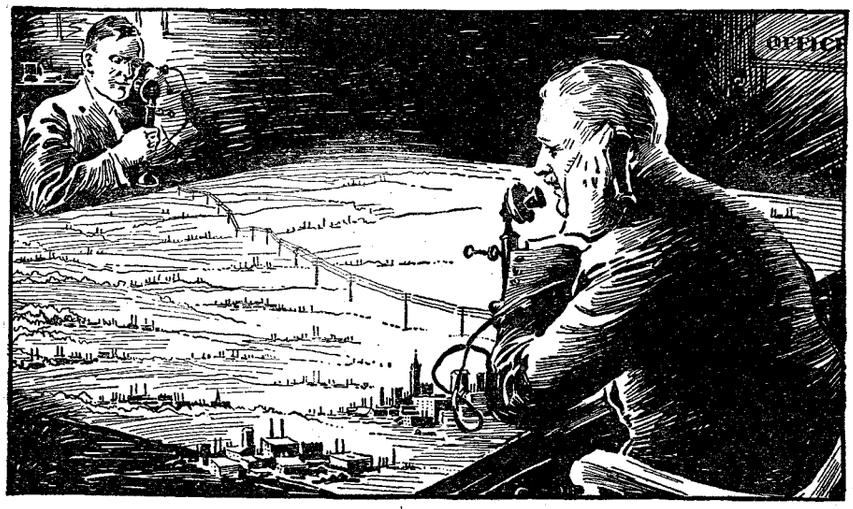

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